The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1913.

The Week

Secretary Bryan says that he doesn't mind criticism, including ridicule, we suppose, but it is one thing to be indifferent to personal attacks and quite another not to care when a great office is made the subject of neighborhood gossip. This is the galling thing; and the Americans did not need to hear laughter from across the ocean to feel that Mr. Bryan's talk about his salary and his savings and his ménage at Washington was in shocking taste. It might pass in confidences across the fence in Nebraska, but when it is blurted out in Washington, not only does Mr. Bryan appear as a man without delicacy, but the chief member of the Cabinet seems to be beneath the dignity of his office. Other men have lived and labored in Washington in a kind of honorable poverty, who would have died before doing any blabbing about it in public. Mr. Bryan must somehow be pulled up, or he will soon be telling us the number and cost of his wife's dresses, and what he pays his servants. It is doubtless true that $12,000 will not cover the expenses to which the Secretary of State is put. But there stands the office and the salary; it can be accepted or declined. Once accepted, the pecuniary consequences should be accepted also without whining.

Senator McCumber's assertion, in his address to the Michigan Bar Association, that Col. Roosevelt's friends are preparing to fight for his nomination by the Republicans in 1916, was naturally resented by the Michigan Progressives. They vow that the Colonel will never desert them. Certainly not; but mightn't he take them along with him into a reorganized and purified Republican party? A friend of his is reported in Washington to have made advances to leading Republicans along this line. His talk has the familiar ring. He is, of course, not authorized by Mr. Roosevelt to give any assurances, but it is his conviction that the Colonel could be induced to accept the nomination, if the Republican party were reorganized "on a progressive basis." In that case the Colonel might feel that it was his "patriotic duty to make the sacrifice" and run again for the Presidency. In our opinion, this presents a glittering opportunity to the Republican managers. It would be the easiest possible way in which to reform their party and get a glowing certificate of character. If they nominated Mr. Roosevelt, they would become in the very act progressive, forward-looking, and the only hope of the nation.

There may or may not have been a small amount of corruption in the activities of the Manufacturers' Association, as detailed by the precious Mulhall, but there certainly was a large amount of self-complacency. These agents and secretaries, hovering about the edge of big politics, came to feel that they had their fingers on the very pulse of the machine. They fairly swelled up with the sense of their own importance. This came out amusingly in the letter made public last week, in which Schwedtman wrote to Mulhall in 1908 that Teddy and Taft and Sherman and Foraker and the other big guns were nothing like the equals of Van Cleave, Parry, Kirby. Since the House doorkeeper wrote home to Texas that he was "a biger man than old Grant," there has been nothing quite like these frogs bursting their skin in the belief that they were oxen.

Both the man and his equipment will inspire gratification in the selection of Paul S. Reinsch as Ambassador to China. His work in the department of political science at the University of Wisconsin has left its impress on legislation in the Middle West, while as writer and Roosevelt exchange professor in Germany he has made his reputation international. As a delegate to the Pan-American conferences and a student of international law he possesses a good degree of diplomatic training. Above all, his sympathetic interest in the welfare of the Chinese people, and grasp of their difficulties, is manifest in authoritative studies of Oriental politics and intellectual currents. His appointment succeeds fitly our recognition of the Chinese Republic, and coming at a critical moment for China, gives her a third good friend from abroad besides Professor Goodnow and Dr. Morrison. Professor Reinsch should serve well in a post presenting many national and international complications, and requiring both ability and special knowledge.

The annual report of the trustees of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace for 1912 has been awaited with particular interest, since it covers the first full year of their activities. Mr. Carnegie made his superb gift in December, 1910. The work of organization naturally extended far into 1911, but 1912 saw the propaganda for peace well under way, just as it witnessed the beginning of the horrifying war, or wars, in the Near East. In the handsome volume before us may be clearly read not merely the activities of the various divisions of the work, but the policy of the present trustees. This, it is plain, is chiefly along the line of improving international relations by stimulating existing peace periodicals, by supporting worthy societies and associations here and abroad in their efforts to end war, and by bringing them into harmonious coöperation. In other words, it is chiefly an educational function which the trustees have set for themselves. The only direct action reported is in connection with the general arbitration treaties submitted to the Senate in 1911, and defeated by that august body.

Aside from the secretary's office and the general administration of the Endowment, the work is divided into three sections: those of intercourse and education, economics and history, and international law. The first of these divisions has opened headquarters in New York and Paris, and there is a notable advisory council in Europe to supervise the work from the Continental and English point of view. A subvention of $24,000 for the year 1912-13 largely supports the work of the Berne International Bureau of Peace, with a view to demonstrating its value as an agency of propaganda. To the Brussels Central Office of International Associations a sum of $15,000 has been allotted, with the purpose of helping to build an interna-

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tional museum, the publishing of its organ, *La Vie Internationale*, the holding of international conferences, etc. Four of the more important European periodicals, *Die Friedens-Warte*, of Berlin, Vienna, and Leipzig; *La Paix par le Droit*, of Paris, and the *Arbitrator* and the *Herald of Peace*, both of London, have received subventions ranging from $6,000 to $250. Four distinguished special correspondents abroad have kept the division well informed as to the movement of European opinion. A considerable volume of literature has been directly distributed, or placed on sale in cheap form—Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion" has been translated for circulation in Germany, France, Italy, Japan, Spain, Spanish America, India, and China. Finally, exchange professors and distinguished visitors, like Charles W. Eliot, have acted as messengers of peace and interpreters of nations to one another.

A bill introduced by Senator Gore shows that the poor Indian of Pope's day is more than ever an object of envy to his white neighbors. As usual, his comparative wealth prompts them to a step of no unselfish sort. At a time when the farmers of the Southwest feel urgent need of money for the development of their vast new country, the 120,000 Indians of Oklahoma possess great wealth. The trust funds of the tribes in the United States Treasury and Oklahoma banks amount to $28,500,000; $6,000,000 more are due them on deferred land payments; the pending sale of segregated coal fields will add $10,000,000 more; and the tale is not even then told. Oklahoma statesmen are anxious to have these great sums placed in State banks in such manner that they will be available for farm loans. They argue that the nation will recoup the interest it now pays on the Indian funds, reaching nearly a million yearly, that the farmers will benefit immeasurably, and the Indians will lose nothing. This should leave the simple tribesmen, whether in contented ease or laboring upon their own farms, somewhat puzzled. A paternal Government throws open their lands to the whites, and, collecting the money returned, holds it in trust; and then the whites borrow the purchase price again to develop their new holdings.

As a State whose woods began to disappear with Braddock and Duquesne, Pennsylvania may boast that she now leads in forestry legislation. Those who realize the complexities of land taxation will regard the bill pushed through the last Legislature with respect. Forested lands are admitted to an auxiliary reserve, subject to a minimum tax at a valuation of $1 per acre. The hardship which this loss of revenue places on mountain counties is met by a second bill, providing that the school and road tax on such lands be paid by the State. When the lowlands denied the equity of this, they were silenced by the statement that their cities and factories had long used untaxed water from the taxed hillsides. With all interests thus attended to, ex-Gov. Stone's wish that the woods, as a source of timber and water, and "the people's outing grounds, upon which they can enter as owners, not trespassers," might be preserved or restored, seems half realized. One defect in the bill is apparent. The power to place land in the auxiliary reserve, as rendering an essential public service, is vested in a State Commission; but the law does not state that no good agricultural land, better adapted to other crops than timber, shall have the benefit of inclusion in these reserves.

There is little that is "forward-looking" in the reports from Washington in reference to the Chicago postmastership and other places upon which the politicians of both Democratic factions in Illinois have their eyes. Mr. Campbell has two years still to serve as postmaster, but it is questioned whether he will be able to resist Mayor Harrison's pressure for his resignation. For Roger Sullivan, it is explained, has suffered a defeat in the fight for the spoils, and no less a person than Chairman McCombs has urged Postmaster-General Burleson to appoint the man whom Harrison wants, instead of Burleson's personal choice for the place. The parcelling out of the posts is said to have been arranged in detail, and we have lists of the offices which have fallen to Senator Lewis and to Gov. Dunne. To ignore Sullivan absolutely is inexpedient, and so he is to have the filling of the appraisership of customs, a position which does not pay as much as some others, but is credited with "enormous influence." It is a pity that there should be even thought to be any grounds whatever for these circumstantial reports. In particular, to allow Postmaster Campbell to be hounded into resigning would be inconsistent, not only with the good of the service, but with the avowed policy of the Department.

In the friendliest spirit the Richmond *Times-Despatch* is devoting helpful editorials to the condition of the colored people in that city and asking for them "more schools, better sanitation, fair rents, and more breathing spaces." It quotes from the Richmond *Planet*, a negro newspaper, the following statement of what the colored population has to face:

> There are not enough sewers, the drainage is defective, the crematory and ash dumps are within smelling distance and regularly send up their perfumes during the sultry nights of a torrid summer. In this section, too, decayed fruit and vegetables and other eatables, sold at low prices, attract the poverty-stricken, and they eat and—die. Hundreds of colored people, too proud to beg and too honest to steal, deny themselves the necessities of life and drag out a wretched existence from day to day until tired nature will stand no more, and they are found stiff and stark in death.

Naturally, the *Times-Despatch* concludes that there is something wrong with the civic conscience. The existence of such conditions and the fact that 5,000 colored children are said to be growing up in Atlanta in idleness and ignorance in the streets because there are no school sittings for them have their light to throw upon the oft-repeated assertion that the South should be let alone to deal with the negro, as it knows what is best for him. True, in our Northern cities conditions are not so much better as to warrant them in taking any pride, while the difficulty of obtaining work for the negro is much greater.

The riots in Seattle discredit everybody concerned. The *Times* of that city has unquestionably violated journalistic proprieties more than once, but the Mayor followed a bad Paterson precedent in endeavoring to suppress this newspaper. Suppression of free speech is no business of a Mayor, whether he be the head of the government of Little Falls, Lawrence, or Seattle. The violence of the sailors, if actuated by a desire to protest against Socialist and I.

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W. W. methods, shows them to have been as devoid of judgment as of respect for the law. If they have regained their senses by this time, they must realize that their actions can only have the result of awakening sympathy for those whom they attacked and of discrediting the uniform they wear. Were the I. W. W. and the Socialists much worse than they are, they are still entitled to organize, to open headquarters, to agitate, to hold property free from lawless attack. As for the Secretary of the Navy, he is apparently the victim of an outrageous misquotation; should this Seattle experience lead him to choose his words a little more carefully, it will do no harm. They are joking about some of his utterances abroad; it will not do for him to say things which lend themselves readily to misconstruction even by young sailors who are full of patriotism and perhaps of righteous indignation at men who seem to them bent on overturning society.

In the annual report of President Garfield of Williams College, an effort is made to show what has been the approximate effect of the increased cost of living upon student expenses. Figures are available for the classes from 1885 to 1887, which show that the average annual expenditure in these three years was $652. Statistics compiled in the same way for 1910-1912 yield an average for that three-year period of $927. The increase, something more than 42 per cent., is thought by President Garfield to be "not materially different from the estimated increase of cost of living elsewhere than at college." But it is not upon the resulting hardship to students or their parents that he puts so much stress as upon the unfortunate position of college professors. Their salaries have not been enlarged at anything like their enlarged rate of expense. President Garfield thinks that Williams should pay her professors $4,000 a year, and partly to that end, partly in order to establish new professorships, he is calling upon the alumni to raise a fund of $1,000,000.

Every returning boat is bringing to our favored shores a wealth of dramatic material that is bound to make the season of 1913-14 one of the most brilliant in the entire annals of the stage. Has any new genius appeared in Europe since our playhouses closed a few weeks ago? His name is at the bottom of a contract in the pocket of one of our enterprising producers. Have the well-known dramatists of the Old World done anything since the first of the year? You will see it on some Broadway stage this autumn. Tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, and all the rest of the Polonius list, along with some kinds he never imagined, are to be spread before our dazzled eyes. Have you a fancy for something that will take you out of the twentieth century? Here is "Robinson Crusoe"—with some alterations, of course, such as that of a negro comedian for the part of Friday. Are you in more serious mood? Well, the managers doubtless have something to suit even that, although they do not think it worth while to announce it. It is a bit cruel to cast any shadow upon so glowing a prospect for both our managers and ourselves. Yet if most blessings brighten as they take their flight, those in a theatrical manager's scrip seldom look lovelier than at the moment of their arrival. With the actual course of the ordinary season in mind, one is tempted to ask whether all this enormous loading up is not a kind of insurance. Half of the masterpieces being transferred from the liners to the producers' safes may fail to tickle the public palate, and yet enough will be left to keep the houses going.

Some Englishmen have thought that in these hard times they were displaying a noble sentiment in seeking to raise a million dollars to save the Crystal Palace. But the contrary-minded Bernard Shaw does not agree. Other men have recalled the Great Exhibition of 1851, when Prince Albert believed it opened an era in which industrial competition would supplant armed strife; and the Victorian attempts to make it a great home of culture. But to Shaw it is an unsightly glass and iron structure, the chief utility of which is as a summer playground for Phil May's 'Arry and 'Arriet. The point of his caustic words is a comparison with the slow progress of the National Theatre. "If the Shakespeare Memorial," he says in effect, "held races and games with its annual Stratford performances, our dramatic enthusiasm would pass all bounds." The Crystal Palace and its grounds should be saved, but this criticism of the English sense of proportion is apt. The London *Times* especially should feel it. It has lately broken its rule not to ask subscriptions, in order to help save this site, "offering unparalleled advantages for such concourses as the Olympic Games."

An educational announcement of interest is embodied in the final report of the Royal Commission for the organization of the new University of London. The movement to weld the separate institutions of the metropolis—University College, King's College, many technical and medical schools—into a great seat of learning, has resulted in the framing of a constitution which joins the scattered colleges into one University, and yet leaves each home rule, as at Oxford and Cambridge. But in this constitution Americans will be most struck by the confident pronouncement on research as an academic function. England's new attitude is, according to the account in *Science*, thus expressed:

> The higher work of the university should be closely connected with research. Teaching and research should be combined. The greatest evil in the present organization of the university is that this is not the case. It is not possible to get the best men as professors if they are restricted from doing their highest work. Research should not be exploited by individual capitalists; and the professor can give the best instruction only if actively engaged in advancing knowledge in his subject.

We think of research in England as conducted privately; in Germany, under the auspices of a university. Charles Darwin on his secluded estate at Down, Lord Rayleigh or Sir William Crookes in private laboratories, Mill and Morley working in leisure husbanded from their regular vocations, are more typical of the British searcher for truth than J. J. Thomson or George Saintsbury. England has not had men like Kant at Königsberg, or Mommsen at Berlin, and few even like James at Harvard. The reason is that British universities have recognized slight partnership between research and the training of youthful minds. To reverse this policy, even under metropolitan pressure, will seem to some an unwise compliment to German and American practice—unwise, at least, in its binding definiteness.

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NICARAGUA AND AFTER.

Mr. Borah appears to be the only prominent Senator at Washington flatly opposed to the treaty making the United States the protector of Nicaragua. With his prediction of unhappy consequences, we should not be willing to go all the way. It would not necessarily follow from this treaty that the American flag would go up over all the territory between us and the Panama Canal. Senator Borah speaks of the "irresistible logic" of the case, but we know that the world is not governed by logic. What the Nicaraguan proposal calls for, in our judgment, is not sweeping assertions or confident prophecies, on one side or the other, but comprehensive and prudent study. In one thing at least every man with the instinct of a statesman must agree with Senator Borah; this is his saying: "I am unwilling to take the first step until I have weighed all the consequences of the last step." Anything like a light-hearted rushing into a path of which we cannot see, we will not say the end, but even the first turn, cannot be too severely condemned. We know what happened in 1870 to Ollivier with his "light heart."

A reminder from our own more recent past should give pause to rash embarkers upon untried seas. Fourteen years ago we took the Philippines. If the thing were to be done over again, how many Americans would vote to annex the islands? It was done unadvisedly, with the slightest foresight of what was to come. We found to our surprise that we had bought a bloody and shameful war. In a burst of rhetoric we acquired what President McKinley called "the gems and glories of the tropic seas," only to discover in a short time that, as President Roosevelt said, they were "a great burden." If the country could have foreseen one-tenth of the vexation and expense and bloodshed entailed by the purchase of the Philippines from Spain, it would have preferred to pay ten times the money to induce Spain to keep them. It is given to no mortal to see the end from the beginning; but a people still smarting from one gigantic mistake in national policy may reasonably be expected to stop and look and listen before plunging into what may be another.

President Wilson and Secretary Bryan will doubtless resent the inferences which many are drawing from their approval of the Nicaraguan protectorate. Senator Lodge is bestowing suspicious praise upon the project. To his mind it is an extension of the Monroe Doctrine which will soon make us the Big Policeman of this hemisphere. We shall be undertaking the duty of keeping order and paying the foreign debt in every republic to the south of us. The President would surely repudiate this interpretation. But he must see that an endless number of such dangerous meanings will be read into the Nicaraguan treaty. How can it be kept apart from the extremely delicate question of our relations with Mexico? With this still unsettled, the publication of the plan to assume a protectorate over Nicaragua was most untimely. For thousands of Americans with property interests in Mexico will at once ask why, if we go to Nicaragua to safeguard a few thousands, should we not at once take steps to protect endangered millions just across our Southern border? And there will be great numbers of easy-going and hasty-concluding Americans to say: "Why, that is so. If we won't let anybody else do it, we must do it ourselves. The Monroe Doctrine prevents foreign nations from calling the Dagoes to book, and so it is our business to make them quit fighting and pay their debts."

Of course, a slight examination of either the Monroe Doctrine or international law will show that nothing of the kind is true. The case does not come down to this facile either-or dismissal. There is, to-day, just as there has long been, an alternative policy. About twenty years ago, a British squadron seized the custom-house of Corinto—a port in this same immune Nicaragua—to enforce payment of an indemnity, and the Monroe Doctrine looked on unmoved. Later a German fleet sailed to discipline Venezuela in a similar manner, and although none other than Roosevelt was then on guard, no objection was made by our Government. As for the collection of private debts by public force, that is a step which the British Government has steadily refused to undertake; and the doctrine that this should never be done has now good standing in international law. All these spectres, therefore, of European fleets swooping down upon Mexico or Central America to demand payment of bonds held abroad, are purely imaginary. Yet the threat of them is used by the capacious Imperialism of a Lodge, and will be made to seem real to many ignorant and careless people. Such a popular sentiment is highly perilous, like inflammable stuff, and it is obvious that it is directly increased by such grandiose projects as the proposed Nicaraguan protectorate.

That this treaty is in better form than the one urged by President Taft, is frankly to be admitted. Nor does it wear an air of aggression. Ostensibly, at least, the Nicaraguan Government is freely entering into the agreement, and seems even actively to desire its consummation. But what do we really know about conditions in Nicaragua? If we cannot find out the truth about Mexico, how can we be so confident that all is what it is represented to be in Nicaragua? We know that of recent years it has been a country of what Senator Borah happily calls "kaleidoscopic government." Dictator succeeds dictator; one army chief supplants another. And certainly, until we have conclusive evidence that the treaty has the approval of the majority of the people of Nicaragua entitled to have their opinion consulted, we should go very slow in adopting it.

FALLACIES ABOUT "RECOGNITION."

It appears to be true that strong representations have been made to President Wilson concerning the desirability of according full recognition to the Huerta Government in Mexico. The diplomatic corps in the City of Mexico seems to have agreed that such action by the Washington Administration would help matters. That there are large financial interests of the same mind is clear. They can be so without necessarily falling under the suspicion of being only selfish or scheming in their attitude. It is a fair question whether a full survey of all the facts should not soon lead President Wilson to appoint a new Ambassador to Mexico, thus implying a more complete recognition of the Huerta régime than he has as yet been willing to make. The matter is one to be maturely considered in view of the whole Mexican situation, of diplomatic precedents, and of our wisest public policy at this junc-

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ture. Whichever way the decision fall, there will be no occasion for violently denouncing it, just as there is no reason at present to attack either those urging or those deprecating the step which the President is pressed to take. But it is important, to-day and later, to clear our minds of the fallacies about the effect of a recognition of Huerta, which are current in so many quarters.

It is assumed by some, for example, that the attitude of our Government is that of having nothing whatever to do with Gen. Huerta. The implication is that all our official business in Mexico is at a standstill. But this is not the case. There has been a recognition of the Huerta Government as *de facto*. This may not have been publicly made, but it has been tacitly, and in practice. Any representations which our Embassy in Mexico has had to make, have been made at the National Palace. That the head of the actually responsible Government of Mexico is lodged there, we have taken for granted. Appeals to give due protection to American residents, claims for damages, and other routine matters, have been brought to Gen. Huerta's attention. For a time, he made a pretence that all this was wholly irregular; and that, in default of full and hearty recognition, friendly diplomatic relations could not be maintained, and that he would ignore all efforts to do business with him. But he soon saw the folly of that attitude, and abandoned it. Whatever our Government has to say to him, or to his Minister for Foreign Affairs, can be said under the existing *de facto* recognition, and Huerta must needs give heed to it. There is no such deadlock between the two countries as has been imagined.

The strange notion that the establishment of peace and order in Mexico merely waits upon American recognition of Huerta will not bear examination. It seems to be thought that, if President Wilson were to send an Ambassador to his great and good friend in Mexico City, Carranza and the other revolutionists in the North would instantly lay down their arms. But that is a wild supposition. Our full recognition of Diaz did not prevent the rebellion which overthrew him. The fact that Madero was recognized by the American Government as President of Mexico did not save him from siege in his own capital or from assassination. It is possible that Huerta might extract personal satisfaction, and even some moral assistance, out of recognition by the United States, but that it would yield him an atom of material aid is not to be thought of for a moment. Muddy ideas may argue that recognition implies active help; that we should be bound to call upon the rebels to quit fighting, or even to supply Huerta with funds and guns; but this is preposterous. As long as the revolutionists continue determined to fight the man whom they regard as a murderer as well as usurper; as long as roving bands find it possible to defy the Federal troops and to burn and rob and destroy, mere recognition by the United States of the Provisional President could not essentially alter his military difficulties. It could not, that is, unless recognition meant intervention. The fact that some would like to have it mean this is doubtless one of the reasons why President Wilson has gone so slow.

That the Mexican problem may speedily become so acute as to demand a new line of conduct on the part of our Government, is obviously among the possibilities. The difficulty is painful and enormous. It sometimes looks as if Mexicans were making impossible any settled government in their country. The vicious old habits of revolution and brigandage seem to be asserting themselves with redoubled power, after lying dormant for a generation. It would be folly to grasp that hornet's nest rashly. The suggestion has been made of some form of joint international appeal to Mexicans to throw down their weapons on both sides, and to choose a President in an honest election next October, and then hold up his hands, so that the land might have a breathing space to recover from the harrying of the past two years. This was the plan of Mr. Sherrill, our former Minister to Argentina. He would confine this sort of combined warning and offer of help to the countries this side the Atlantic. But there is no reason why Germany and France and England should not be asked to join in such a movement. They have large interests in Mexico, and there is nothing in the Monroe Doctrine to prevent their attending to them. It is possible that President Wilson may be able to work out a plan of this sort, which need not at first go beyond united diplomatic action. This certainly would be far more significant and telling than any act of mere "recognition" of Huerta.

A RESIGNATION AND A MORAL.

Even those who have been compelled to criticise severely President Mellen's management of the New Haven, will receive the news of his resignation with mingled feelings. In them gloating over his misfortunes will have no part. There is no occasion for anything like personal animus against him. Nor is there any reason for denying him marked ability. He has displayed initiative and force; and if the term of his presidency had fallen in other times, or if he had been able to add to his great driving power certain other qualities of leadership, he might have been thought of as a conspicuous success. No one will now think that; and his retirement may well raise the question why he failed. Was he a victim of conditions too powerful for him? Or was he the architect of his own disaster?

The judicious will hesitate to answer these questions dogmatically. The exact apportionment of praise or blame in such matters is difficult. Yet we did not need to wait for the damaging report on the New Haven by the Interstate Commerce Commission to be aware that Mr. Mellen had come far short of what is nowadays expected of the president of an important railway. In a sense, he appeared as a sort of survival from an earlier period. Particularly was this the case in his general attitude towards the public which he served. In addition to appearing far too indifferent in the matter of the equipment of his road and in seeking to meet the convenience of his patrons, he contrived to give the impression of a manager who would pay no attention to protests, and was content to wrap himself in a kind of complacent isolation. This recalls the typical old-time railway man. It was for him to do whatever he thought best in the way whether of financing or operating his lines, and the outside public must neither meddle nor complain. But this air of superiority and Olympian aloofness no longer sits well on railway presidents; and President Mellen's clinging to it, perhaps half-unconsciously, was undoubtedly one of the causes

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of his unpopularity and of his downfall.

There were larger causes, of course, and these are now wholly evident, though they may have seemed obscure for some years. Chief of them was the obvious intent of the New Haven management to obtain a monopoly of transportation in New England. This purpose was not necessarily nefarious in itself. But monopolies are kittle-cattle. They have to be handled with great skill, or there will be trouble; and it is abundantly clear that the attempted New Haven monopoly was not skilfully handled. First of all, it was not a financial success. All kinds of little monopolies were loaded upon the back of the big one, and it was not broad enough to hold them. New Haven stock had for many years been thought of very much like Government bonds for security. But the succession of immense investments by the road—some of them made at notoriously inflated prices—soon depressed the price of New Haven stock ominously, and then dividends had to be reduced. As the stock was widely held, the resultant feeling of apprehension and of complaint against the management became extended. This was blunder number one by the monopolists. In the vulgar, they bit off more than they could chew.

The second great blunder lay in President Mellen's relation, not to his stockholders, but to the New England public. As his securities fell in price, so his roads declined in efficiency of service. It has been said that the New Haven monopoly might have been put beyond successful attack if it had met three conditions. The first was that it should be highly successful financially. The second was that it should serve shippers and passengers in a demonstrably superior manner. The third was that the management should have an appearance of great frankness and cordiality in all of its dealings with the public. But President Mellen failed at all three points. He lost money for his stockholders. He increased the numbers of complaining patrons. He provoked an intense public feeling against himself and his road. This was more than hostility to the idea of monopoly as such. If the monopolistic management of the New Haven had been a glittering success, there would doubtless have been those to object to it and possibly to attack it on legal grounds and as a matter of public policy. But they could scarcely have made headway had not the would-be monopolists played unwittingly into their hands. If the various districts of New England had been served as never before; if the merger with the Boston & Maine had removed, instead of intensifying, long-standing complaints against that road; and if the New Haven had cultivated friendly relations with the people and sought to ingratiate itself everywhere—why, Mr. Brandeis and the others might have protested, but the mass of railway patrons would have said: "Well, call it monopoly or what you will, we know that we are getting better facilities at lower cost and we like it." This was the great chance of the New Haven, but it missed it.

The moral of all this does not need to be labored. Mr. Mellen has shown railway presidents how not to do it. His directors must take their due share of the blame, but it is the president who embodies to the public the spirit of the management, and it is that spirit which now stands discredited along with Mr. Mellen. It is idle to say that senseless clamor or the wicked misrepresentations of newspapers brought about his resignation. It was the dead weight of the facts that finally dragged him down. And we may be sure that wide-awake and younger railway men, more sensitive than he could be to the present-day conditions under which they must do their work, will be careful to avoid walking in the path which Mr. Mellen has blazed with failure.

JUDICIAL FITNESS AND THE RECALL.

The story of the Cohalan case is sure to be used by our Progressive friends as an argument for recall of judges by popular vote. That it presents a tempting opportunity for this purpose is evident. The very fact that the case for his removal by the Legislature, under the Constitutional provision which empowers that body to remove judges "for cause," is not clear beyond question, gives point to the plea for the more indefinite and more arbitrary process of recall by vote of the people. The Progressive leader in the Assembly last week voted to sustain the committee report dismissing the charges, but at the same time stated that, under the recall system, which he favored, Cohalan would properly come within the class of judges who should be removed from office by popular vote. We believe that there is a certain amount of confusion of thought in this view of Mr. Schaap's; the Constitution as it stands gives the Legislature discretion amply covering the case. It permits the removal of judges "for cause"; and while a vote to remove on grounds that are really partisan or personal, and upon a mere pretext of *bona-fide* "cause," would be in violation of the intent of the Constitution, and would be altogether abhorrent, the determination whether the facts brought out in the Cohalan case are, or are not, sufficient cause turns essentially on the standard of judicial fitness entertained by members of the Legislature. Nevertheless, it may be freely admitted that the system of popular recall would introduce a greater latitude of judgment, and would, in its natural exercise, permit the removal of some judges whom it would not be proper for the Legislature to remove under the existing system.

The trouble about the advocates of the recall is that they fix their minds on the advantage that might occasionally be gained in this way, and shut their eyes to the far broader and more pervasive evils that their proposal is calculated to bring about. Even in the particular matter of the recall of judges accused of improper conduct, it is far from clear that the advantage would outweigh the disadvantage. A scoundrel like Connolly might easily find means of blackening the reputation of a more worthy judge than Cohalan; and, if that judge happened to have rendered himself in any way unpopular, what chance would there be of a careful and impartial sifting of the evidence by the mass of the voters? We do not say that many would vote to sustain charges which they thought were false. But for one man that would do that there are ten thousand who will, without proper evidence, believe charges to be true against a man towards whom they entertain a dislike; and a mere suspicion that the charges are true will suffice to cause them to cast their vote against him under a system which not only relieves them of any avowed responsibility for their action, but is expressly

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advocated on the ground that it leaves them free to vote without reference to any clearly defined principles of action. Whether the danger of injustice to upright and honorable judges under the recall, would not, upon the whole, be greater under the recall than the danger of immunity for unworthy judges under the existing system, is at least an open question.

But all of this is only a very minor phase of the whole matter. The demand for the recall is essentially based upon the opportunity it would afford of getting rid of a judge not on account of acts arising out of his life off the bench —either before or during his tenure of the judicial office—but on account of his acts in the seat of justice. It is the rightfulness or wrongfulness of these upon which it is desired to give the people the power to pass summary judgment. Whether the objection to them is made on the ground of corruption, or of favoritism, or of insensibility to popular demands, the people are to have it in their power to say at any time that he does not satisfy their notion of what a judge ought to be, and peremptorily to terminate his career. There is no doubt that by this process some undesirable judges would be got rid of who now remain on the bench. But the idea that this is the way to elevate the general standard of judicial fitness is not only crude, but childish. Such little good as might be done by the occasional recall of a bad judge for good reason would be vastly more than counterbalanced by the indisposition of lawyers of the highest type to accept judgeships from which they might be removed *without* good reason. To go on the bench means, for such men, a pecuniary loss as it is; but the dignity of the office, under a secure tenure, makes a compensating attraction. And when we add to this potency for keeping strong men *off* the bench, the natural tendency of the recall to lessen the independence, *on* the bench, of any but the strongest men, we see that the recall, so far from curing the deficiencies of the American bench, is calculated to produce a diametrically opposite effect.

Both the recall of judges and the recall of judicial decisions are happy-thought devices for getting immediate "results" by easy-going methods which ignore the fundamentals of the matter with which they deal. If the judges should not have power to settle the interpretation of the Constitution, let them be deliberately deprived of that power; to give them the power, but subject it to reversal by popular vote, would be to turn it into mockery. And as for the tenure of judges, it is singular that in all the criticism of them which is so fashionable in Progressive circles, one never hears a word about the extraordinary fact that the kind of complaint made about our courts is peculiar to this democratic country. Nothing like it is heard in England or France or Germany. What we want here is judges as capable, as fearless, and as efficient as those who administer essentially the same law in England; but in England they get them by appointing that kind in the first place, and appointing them for life. If we want good judges, or good legislators, or good mayors, we have got to take such steps as are necessary to procure them. We shall never get them by merely shouting, "Let the people rule!"

THE NEW LAUREATE.

There will be disappointment in some quarters over the selection of Robert Bridges as Poet Laureate. Those who by their much speaking have appeared to have poetry most at heart and have hoped for a new order and expression, may be excused if they feel some bitterness. To their minds poetry, like all other things in this age, must be progressive and leave off singing of Arcady and pretty, outworn loves. Surely, they reasoned, the general reproach which followed the appointment of Alfred Austin would forestall for the present the singling out of another obscure figure. Yet they are asked to do obeisance to a new Laureate who is scarcely known to English readers at large and whose work reveals no pronounced elements of the pressing present. It has none of Masefield's colloquial passions, nor the abounding young visions of Alfred Noyes; it has not Kipling's downright force. In some respects Robert Bridges is not so modern as Tennyson, for his moral judgments are less explicit and have not that sweet sting of sentiment for each occasion which the Victorian has accustomed English readers to expect of the poet. Though not a pagan, like Swinburne, Dr. Bridges is given to looking backward, and has sought inspiration from such ancients as Homer, Æschylus, Terence, Apuleius, Calderón, Lope de Vega, Stendhal. If he must be pigeonholed, his sympathies relate him not a little to the confident days of the late Renaissance.

His very versatility points in that direction. Now in his sixty-ninth year, a graduate of Eton and Oxford, for many years a practicing physician, he has to his credit a large body of lyrics, including some three-score sonnets in sequence, called "The Growth of Love," a long poetical version of "Eros and Psyche," librettos for oratorios, a masque, above half-a-dozen poetical dramas in various manners, experiments in classical metres, an essay on Keats, and a study of Milton's prosody. Here is a body of verse which the fluent Mr. Noyes may perchance never exceed; and if its interests prompt our moderns to cry out "old fogy!" it is significant that the author does not lend himself easily to comparison with any but poets of recognized importance, in style quite as much as substance. He stands deeply rooted in the great tradition, and the genuineness of his poetic feeling cannot be gainsaid. Besides, he perpetuates some of the finest English associations, especially of country life, which he sees full of warmth and color.

In spite of the preponderance of dramatic form in his work, Robert Bridges is essentially a lyric poet, showing in this capacity the natural instinct and finish of a Jacobean. Perhaps that is the reason for the charge brought against him that he lacks the outcries of passion, and that he deliberately purges his work of all excitements. He is not a Burns, it is true, yet the lyric mood embraces many manners, and it is a narrow critic who fails to find it strong and true in this writer. Quotation of whole poems is not necessary to show his facility:

So sweet love seemed that April morn,
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

The following passage, which opens one of his sonnets:

Since not the enamour'd sun with glance more fond
Kisses the foliage of his sacred tree
Than doth my waking thought arise on thee,

has something of the spacious surface beauty and precise, if old-fashioned, im-

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agery of a romantic description by Shakespeare.

In one poem, "Nightingales," Dr. Bridges has caught the other-worldliness dear to Keats, with a simplicity of language which the latter seldom knew:

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come;
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom
Ye learn your song:
Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,
Among the flowers which in that heavenly air
Bloom the year long.

Lest the impression be given that the world has concealed all these years a luminary of the first rank, it is only fair to say that not all of Dr. Bridges's poems maintain the standard of the portions quoted. Especially in his dramas he is often the victim of his virtuosity, and becomes garrulous, though like Shelley not always unpleasantly so. The dramatic situation moves him less than its poetic content. Yet where he is characterizing the shading and complexity, the vaunt of human impulses—matters which only poetry can fully catch—he reaches noble heights. So, in the following speech of Petronius in the second part of "Nero," the resemblance to Shakespeare is again striking:

You little think
What charm the witching night hath for her lovers;
How her solemnity doth deepen thought,
And bring again the lost hellenic Muse
To sing from heaven; or on moonlit swards
Of fancy shadows in transfigured scene
The history of man.—Thus, like a god
I dwell; and take the early morning cries
For calls of sleep; and from divinity
Fall to forgetfulness, while bustling day
Ravages life; and know no more of it,—
Your riot and din, the plots and cries of Rome,—
Than doth a diver in Arabian seas,
Plunging for pearls beneath the lonely blue:
But o'er my slumbering head soft airs of dreamland
Rock their wild honey-blooms, till the shy stars
Once more are venturing forth, and I awake.
Is not that something?

That the new Laureate will take easily to celebrating patriotic occasions is not probable. In one sonnet he has sung of the steel ship in befitting terms. But if, as seems likely, peace more and more shall have her victories, it is hard to think of any one better suited to make of her an alluring picture. Finally, it may be wondered whether Mr. Asquith got a penny's worth of pleasure from appointing one who in these days has dared to write, even in a triolet:

All women born are so perverse
No man need boast their love possessing.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

When, in these columns (August 15, 1912), Mr. Axon transcribed from the *Christian Reformer* for March, 1835, George Dyer's short memoir of Charles Lamb, he recovered for us an obituary notice which was, in all probability, unknown to all students of the present day. Whether any of their predecessors were aware of it is problematical; certainly none of Lamb's editors, no inconsiderable number, have referred to it. The credit of this interesting discovery must, therefore, be placed to its finder's account. No sooner had we done felicitating ourselves on this pleasant though, perhaps, slight acquisition to our knowledge of the best beloved of authors than there turned up in one of the London salesrooms an unpublished letter written to George Dyer, in which the writer refers to *two* memoirs by the old blind scholar—one, undoubtedly, that brought to light by Mr. Axon, the other, as I hope to prove, establishing the authorship of a contribution on the same subject to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the same month and year in which the memoir in the *Christian Reformer* had appeared. The letter runs thus:

Dear Sir,

I was much gratified on hearing that you and Mrs. Dyer were going to dine at Amen Corner with Mr. Tate. At the same time I learnt that you have entirely lost your sight, which must sadly detract from your enjoyments, though perhaps the gradually increasing decay may have finally reconciled you to total deprivation.

You would, I think, be well pleased with your visit. The Canon has the traits to win your regards—fine scholarship, vigorous understanding, a kind heart, and generous sentiments. Though you could not now, alas! see your welcome in his honest face, you would feel it in the grip of his hand, hear it in the tone of his voice, and at once fall into free conversation. . . .

The chief purpose of my letter is to thank you for the two little memoirs of your amiable friend Charles Lamb, dictated by yourself: but I have also something more to say about him. His death and the comments on his character and writings revived recollections of the disquiet that was at first caused you by the appearance of one of his essays in the London Magazine* and the correspondence to which it gave rise while we knew not who *Elia* was. To your mind also this event may have brought back similar remembrances, and an anxiety may have very naturally arisen, which you perhaps have too great delicacy to avow, as to the fate of the long confiding letter which you wrote to me respecting your "commencing life" &c. as Elia phrased it. You may be wishful that the particulars should not be lost, and yet be fearful about any imprudent or improper use of the little sketch. It has never been shown to any one, and now, as the blotted original could hardly be made out so as to be fluently read to you, I have destroyed it, after first making the single fair copy which I send you. . . .

Make my best respects to Mrs. Dyer, & believe me

Yours, my dear Sir, most sincerely—
WM. KING.

Richmond, Yorkshire, 21 March, 1835.

*"Oxford in the Vacation." *Lond. Mag.*, October, 1820, the charm of which is largely due to the details—biographical and other—concerning George Dyer, "born without original sin I verily believe."

The writer of the foregoing letter was the friend who, on the appearance of the Elia essay containing the references to himself to which George had objected, wrote to the editor of the *London Magazine*. In the following number the editor evidently replies to William King's letter in the following words: "W. K. will see we have *made use* of his paper; and we trust he will excuse the liberty we have taken with the communication. We had long been regarding the subject as calling for notice." Apparently the "liberty" the editor had taken was to send the letter to Lamb for his comments thereon, for in the December number there appeared the well-known reply of Elia which has been frequently reprinted by Lamb's editors. Dyer's letter to King, the details of which we suppose the latter embodied in his "paper," was printed, on George Dyer's death, in the *Mirror*, November 13, 1841. So much is, perhaps, necessary in explanation of some of the references in King's letter.

I now come to the proof of George Dyer's authorship of the notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine;* and as a complete set of that journal is not likely to be in the possession of many, nor, perhaps, easily accessible for reference, it is here transcribed:

Dec. 27. At Edmonton, after a short illness, aged 60, Mr. Charles Lamb, a gentleman well known to the public for his many pleasing works in prose and verse.

Mr. Lamb was a native of Lincolnshire. In his 8th year he was sent to Christ's Hospital, where he derived his taste for general literature, and his fitness for the pursuits of commercial life. He continued there till 1789, about which time he obtained a situation as clerk in the East India House, where he continued till the year 1825, and then retired, with a handsome annuity, on the superannuated list.

Mr. Lamb's principal works were as follows:—A small volume entitled "Blank Verse," printed in 1798 in conjunction with his friend Charles Lloyd; "Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets," 1808. Two dramatic pieces, "John Woodvil," a tragedy, and "Mr. H.," an afterpiece. "Rosomond Grey," a beautiful pathetic tale, and "Old Blind Margery" (*sic*). The works of Charles Lamb, 2 vols., 1818. "Elia," 1823, a collection of Essays which were the most admired of his works, and appeared originally in the London Magazine. "Album Verses," 1830. "The Adventures of Ulysses," and "Tales from Shakespeare," 2 vols. The last essays of "Elia," 1833. Subsequently to his specimens of the English Dramatic Poets, he published a second series, which appeared in Mr. Hone's Every Day Book, under the head of "Garrick Papers," extracted from the valuable collection in the British Museum, and that work is illustrated with very valuable notes by Mr. Lamb. To the list of his productions may be added a small poem entitled, "Satan in Quest of a Wife"; and he also aided his sister, Miss Mary Lamb, in her elegant little work, entitled, "Mrs. Leycester's School."

On considering Mr. Lamb as diligently engaged in the pursuits of commercial life, it might surprise us that he could find leisure to write so much for the public; but the truth is, his faculties were extraordinary. The wit that he brought with him from school continued to flow uniformly and to increase through the whole course of his life. It was almost as natural with him to say witty things as to breathe; he could not enter a room without a joke, and he may be said almost to have conversed in extemporaneous humour. Nor did his discourse consist of merely sportive pleasantries; they had often the force of eloquence joined with the solidity of argument, enlivened and softened by a humanity and benevolence which invariably beamed in his countenance. Perhaps, too, they were a little increased by his infirmities; for he had a defect in his utterance, which gave

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a somewhat of quaintness and peculiarity of tone to his conversation. Overflowing as his spirits were, they never exceeded the bounds of propriety and decorum; and towards the fair sex, though he was never married, he never failed to evince the kindest feeling and purest respect.

Mr. Lamb has left behind him no other relation but a sister already mentioned, who is as amiable in disposition as himself, and who shares a considerable share of literary talent. They were similar in their characters, their manners, and their studies; and there cannot be well conceived a more perfect example of fraternal and sisterly love, and untiring friendship, than that which existed between them, and which Mr. Lamb has elegantly alluded to in one of his poems, and likewise in one of his papers entitled "Mackery End," wherein he says, "I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences that we might share them in equal division—but that is impossible."

The present tribute of respect to the memory of this estimable gentleman is offered by the same pen which gave a previous account of Mr. Lamb's works in the *Gentleman's Magazine.*

Although the article was not signed, as was the one in the *Christian Reformer,* the use of many of the same phrases, the similarity in the general arrangement and of its tone, with the repetition of the same blunders, such as "Rosomond Grey" for "Rosamund Gray"; "Satan in Quest of a Wife" for "Satan in Search of a Wife"; "Mrs. Leycester's School" for "Mrs. Leicester's School"; and the statement that the "Garrick Papers" (*sic*) appeared in Hone's Every Day Book instead of in the Table Book seem to point to a common authorship. But, undoubtedly, the most important evidence is to be found in the concluding sentence of the article, which states that the writer is the one who reviewed Lamb's works in the *Gentleman's Magazine;* for, when George Dyer died, in 1841, it was mentioned in the obituary notice in that journal that "his contributions to the various periodicals of the time were numerous, more especially to the *New Monthly* . . . and to the *Gentleman's Magazine,* in which he reviewed the works of his friends, Admiral Burney and Charles Lamb."

It may be of some interest to add that Matilda Betham, the common friend of the Lambs and of George Dyer, contributed to the *Christian Reformer* for September, 1841, "some biographical particulars of the late George Dyer, B.A."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

Correspondence

THE HUERTA GOVERNMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The refusal of the United States Government to recognize the Huerta Government in Mexico may be magnificent, but it is doubtful if it is good diplomacy. Presumably such action is based on the disapproval of the murder of Madero (a fact) by Huerta, Díaz, and Mondragón (a questionable supposition). Presumably the purpose of this refusal of recognition is to deter the Mexicans from the commission of such a crime again. We are the (self-constituted) guardians of Mexico and the Latin-American republics, and we take this opportunity to let them know that we don't like the way they manage their politics. We protect them from exterior aggression (without being asked), and we frown when their private, domestic quarrels do not suit us.

The practical effect of such refusal on the part of the United States has been to jeopardize American lives, ruin American property, to irritate the governing powers in Mexico, and to furnish ground for our critics in Latin-America to call us hypocritical when we are not puerile. The official disapproval at Washington has about as much effect on crimes of violence in Mexico as Mrs. Partington's mop had on the Atlantic.

Can it possibly be that Mr. Bryan does not understand Mexican history and political habits? Madero was overthrown by Felix Díaz by force of arms. Madero seized the Government from the hands of Porfirio Díaz when the latter was too old and feeble to fight. Don Porfirio settled the succession between himself and Lerdo on the field of battle. Lerdo was the (for a while) peaceful successor of Juárez, who certainly had to fight for the Presidency. Bloodshed has accompanied change in administration since the days of the last viceroy.

Nor is Mexico alone in this respect. Excepting, in recent years, Chili, the Argentine, and Cuba, a change in Spanish-American rulers has almost always been accomplished by force of arms. We elect with ballots; they elect with bullets. We learned to govern ourselves little by little through a thousand years of experiment; they virtually had liberty thrust on them a hundred years ago and have not learned yet the lesson of orderly self-government.

Don Porfirio gave Mexico the best government it ever knew: just, clean, and favorable to Americans. Madero seized the government and failed disastrously to govern Mexico. The Huerta-Diaz faction represents old Porfirio's party—undoubtedly the most stable and enlightened element in Mexico. They are our friends and we are deliberately stabbing them in the back.

E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, July 18.

CATHOLICS AND INTOLERANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of July 17 appears a letter from Prof. Addison Hogue, of Washington and Lee University, on Catholics and intolerance, in which certain peculiar and erroneous statements are made. He says:

Now it is perfectly well known that the Roman Catholics cherish an intense dislike to our public-school system.

Again:

Nor is there any occasion to charge the slightest tinge of sectarianism, when we Protestants, holding tenaciously to our political doctrine of entire separation of church and state, do not feel like entrusting too much political power to those whose fundamental doctrine, held as tenaciously as we hold ours, is the union of church and state, and such a union that the state is subservient to the church, and "the" church is *their* church.

I am a Catholic; I have a son at a public school; many of his schoolmates are Catholics; several of his teachers have been Catholics; I believe in our public-school system; I am utterly opposed to a union of church and state; I have not been forbidden by the church to hold these views; I share them with a great majority of American Catholics, as I believe. So far as union of church and state is concerned, I know no American Catholic who believes in it.

G. H.

Washington, July 21, 1913.

A COMPLACENT BRITISH REVIEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the last number of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies,* there appeared a brief, though not unfavorable, review of the recently published "Columbia Lectures on Greek Literature." One remark in the review is rather interesting as a survival of that patronizing "condescension in foreigners" which, in the past generation, gave Lowell the material for his essay, and which still seems now and then to lurk amid the hedge-rows of English scholarship. The reviewer says: "A pleasing American weakness—a somewhat exaggerated national pride—appears in an amusing form in one passage. On page 38 we find the Greeks described as 'a highly gifted people whose civilization, if measured by the standard of the number of perfected men it produced, may well be pronounced not inferior to our own.'"

Now, of course, no person who did not himself possess a somewhat exaggerated sense of nationality could fail to see that Professor Smyth meant by "our own" not *American,* but *modern* civilization in general. Probably the *homme sensuel moyen* in this country is almost as prone as ever, and as prone as many a London "tripper" to the Continent, to wave his country's flag in inappropriate places, but to imply that this is done by such persons as the writers of these lectures is amusingly wide of the mark. The American scholar of to-day is more commonly accused of forgetting the solid achievements of his country in his impatience with certain of its crudities.

The reviewer speaks of "archaic forms" used by the writers. It would have been interesting if he had cited a few of these, because of the undoubted fact that one finds, even among well-educated people here, older forms of the language in daily use. Considerable care, however, is needed in detecting such forms of expression, lest one fall into the error of an English reviewer of Professor Shorey's "Horace," who unfortunately picked out as a specimen of transatlantic vivacity a phrase which was quoted from Tennyson.

J. R. WHEELER.

Burlington, Vt., July 20.

THE GEORGE BORROW CELEBRATION IN NORWICH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For a man who was generally believed to be dead long before he died, George Borrow has suffered no very long neglect; and the spectacle of a cordial commemoration of his life and genius in the ancient city of Norwich is full compensation for the brief indifference and delay. Born in 1803 and dying in 1881, he was for the greater part of his life a wandering, restless man engaged in distributing Bibles and studying the habits and language of the gypsies. Whatever repose he may have had, for at least thirty years he found in Norwich; and the house in which he lived with his father and mother has

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now been bought by Mr. Arthur Samuel, the present Lord Mayor, and presented as a Borrow shrine to the corporation. It was more particularly to celebrate this generous deed that Borrow lovers from all over England and from points as remote as Australia and the United States gathered on July 5 and 6.

In company with the Lord Mayor and others of the committee, the visitors were taken on a stroll of two hours or more to most of the scenes of Borrow's life in Norwich. In the Castle Museum one room was wholly devoted to Borrow mementos—portraits, autograph letters, manuscripts, and sketches. Close by, the Horse Market, with its nervous, stamping animals, presented a scene that must have been quite the same as that which Borrow often saw and recorded. The walk continued then to the grammar school, where, between his whispered and thrilling tales to the boys, young George learned Latin; to the old Crown and Angel Inn, where his father took him when he was recruiting men for the army; to that other ancient hostelry, The Bowling Green, or what remains of it, where he met "the bruisers of England, men of tremendous renown," and frankly endeavored to add to their glory; to Tuck's Court, where Borrow was articled to the law; and finally to the Borrow house in Willow Lane, now cleared of its tenants and soon to become a memorial museum. The house sits in a retired spot overlooking a tiny court with brilliant beds of English blossom, and opening from its rear windows upon the playground presented to the town by Jenny Lind.

In the great hall of St. Andrew's, the people of Norwich and the visitors gathered in the afternoon for a programme of several things. The Lord Mayor in his scarlet robes, and the mace-bearers, with their golden braid and historic trappings, were there to bestow and accept the gift. Sir Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Clement Shorter were there to pay tribute to both Borrow and the benefactor, and a band of genuine gypsies, procured by the Gypsy and Folk Lore Club of London, were there to sing in gypsy vernacular the wild, strange songs which Borrow himself had so often heard and learned.

In the very ancient inn, The Maid's Head, a dinner was given in the evening, at which the Lord Mayor presided; and seventy or more Borrovians, as they are pleased to be called, assembled to do festive honor to the lord of gypsy lore. It is something to record that England's gifted writer and statesman, the Honorable Augustine Birrell, responded eloquently to the toast "The Immortal Memory of Borrow"; that Sir Sidney Lee, representing perhaps the great Shakespeare Memorial of Stratford, of which he is a trustee, came down from London to answer for "Borrovians All Over the World"; that sitting next to Sir Sidney was Mrs. Knapp, the widow of Dr. Knapp, Borrow's American biographer, the great authority on all things Borrovian. And it is still more worth remembering that on the following day, Sunday, July 6, in the hallowed and echoing spaces of Norwich Cathedral, the Very Rev. the Dean of Norwich preached to a great congregation on "Borrow the Seer and Interpreter of Life."

All this may mean that Borrow has come into his own and that his works are at last to be accorded a permanent place in the rich continuity of English letters. But while only a frail emphasis was put upon Borrow as the apostle of the open air, it is this doubtless that explains his new clutch upon the hearts of the English world. To live on the heath, to rejoice in the black night of stars, to taste the wind and breathe the fragrance of the open road, to be glad of all life and living things, both man and beast—this, above all things else, denotes the spirit of Borrow. In the mystery of the English twilight we walked with one who knew the man, out upon the dark rolling Heath of Mousehold above Norwich. It was there in a sheltered hollow where the gypsies pitched their tents, and it was there beneath the stars where Lavengro and Jaspar spoke together in the lines so often quoted.

F. E. P.

London, July 16.

TOURIST CHARGES AT ANCIENT RUINS

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is not necessary to have visited Greece or Sicily many times to perceive how misleading are Professor D'Ooge's statements in the *Nation* of June 5. He complains pathetically of the two francs fifty for entrance to Pompeii and of the extra tips incurred for opening locked gates and doors. If he had shown any adequate reason, the director of excavations would have furnished him immediately with a free card of admission for Naples, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Paestum, etc. In regard to his remarks on the conditions in Sicily (the only portion of Italy in which there are Greek remains of great importance), it is not true that a charge is imposed for entrance to the temples. There is no charge whatever at Taormina, Girgenti, Segesta, Selinunte, and most of Syracusa. No payment is asked in Greece because but a handful of tourists, or even Greeks, visit the monuments outside Athens. Wait until tourists invade Greece in the same numbers as those which overrun Italy. Then there will be a change.

Yes, the inns of Delphi, Nauplia, and Olympia "are more than tolerable." In similar resorts in America there are no such decently managed hotels at such prices, although these are about a hundred per cent. above ordinary Greek rates.

It is quite true that if you go to a bank or money changer, you will find no exchange given for moneys of other countries. But Mr. D'Ooge omits to say that in some places in Greece even Greek money is refused; that banks charge a commission, place a tax stamp of two francs on checks, and if you ask for gold charge an enormous rate of exchange; while steamship companies, at least those by which I travelled, refused Greek money altogether, and some fellow-travellers who tried to exchange it out of Greece were charged, I believe, 50 per cent.

As to the restorations of the Acropolis, I should call them rebuilding, but I am not an archæologist. As to the care of remains, why, at Delphi every stone is numbered! And the director, when not peddling or permitting embroideries to be peddled in the museum, takes cheerfully six cents for showing you the door. At Corinth—a condition which the American School is responsible for—a museum has been erected with a blank wall utterly hiding the historic view of the Temple. If the American School did not commit this vandalism, they allowed it to be done, and are equally guilty of artless vulgarity. At Epidorus a Swiss châlet has been erected in the purest style of American jig-saw work bang in front of the theatre, while a luncheon bar in the same style of art decorates one side. It may be Mr. D'Ooge did not visit these spots or Ægina; or it may be he was one of the other two foreigners who the guide told me had been there—at Ægina this year. Although there was no entrance fee at Epidorus, I had to pay forty francs for a carriage; fifteen francs to the man who got it; five francs to the driver; two francs to the guardian of the theatre; I had to carry dinner for the three people, and I forget what else. This is typical. No, they don't charge admission in Greece, they "do" you in more magnificent fashion.

Joseph Pennell.

London, July 15.

"THOSE MOLASSES."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To the communication in your issue of July 17 on "Plural Molasses" may be added the testimony of Professor Gildersleeve (*American Journal of Philology*, Vol. 32, pp. 234f.): "'Molasses' in certain parts of our country is a plural. During the Civil War it was a scarce article, and, as I have noted elsewhere, the plural might have been set down as a *pluralis maiestatis*, and there are those who can bear witness to the curious extension of analogy to the once familiar and always dire substitute for molasses. The same people who said 'those molasses' said also 'those sorghum.'"

H. H. Y.

Geneva, N. Y., July 19.

Literature

METAPHYSICAL RELIGION.

The Value and Destiny of the Individual. By B. Bosanquet. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

The Problem of Christianity. By Josiah Royce. The same. 2 vols. $3.50 net.

Foundations. By Seven Oxford Men. New York: The same. $3.50 net.

The Concept of Sin. By F. R. Tennant. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Spiritual Interpretation of Nature. By James Y. Simpson. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

In this group of works we find science and philosophy seeking to make room for the conceptions of religion, theology ready to meet the demands of modern thought. This reunion of philosophy and theology in the discussion of identical problems is one of the very recent signs of the times.

"The Value and Destiny of the Individual" is the second series of Bosanquet's Gifford Lectures. In the *Nation's*

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review of the first series ("The Principle of Individuality and Value," August 8, 1912), it was suggested that, in Mr. Bosanquet, absolute idealism is in danger of falling over backwards into materialism. This impression is confirmed by the second series. An individualist whose imagination has been stimulated by the titles will sympathize with the English farmers who bought Ruskin on "Sheepfolds." The principle of individuality, he will learn, is just the opposite of the principle of individualism; and as for the value or destiny of the individual, that is precisely not his affair. For that matter, no materialist could show us a universe more indifferent to all that is specifically human. You, my friend, are but a finite fragment of the whole, and all that really matters is the whole.

Yet the argument is, as any idealistic argument is bound to be, a humanistic argument. For Mr. Bosanquet the absolute is a "spiritual membership" the nature of which is to be deduced from what is finest in human character and in the social relations of men. What, then, is the finest? Mr. Bosanquet's reply is: the self-surrender of greatness. For him, then, no vulgar "happiness"; in other words, no vulgar longing for personal immortality. The absolute tolerates but one individuality, and that is its own. Christianity is indeed "a great world-experience," but Christian theology (to borrow a phrase from Mr. Moberly in "Foundations") is "a piece of anthropomorphic picture-thinking." Yet we may ask whether the supreme detachment of the absolute is not itself an anthropomorphism—the detachment, namely, of a mind too great in ideas, but again too limited in scope of attention to care for individual destinies.

In any case, the point of the argument lies in the interpretation of the social relation as a spiritual fact. In the logic of things spiritual Mr. Bosanquet is easily a master; yet to the reviewer it seems that at the crucial point in the argument—in a crucial illustration—he has missed the point. Individualistic justice, with its claims and counter-claims, is, we are told, a conception doubtless suited to the economic world, but "the great world of spiritual membership to which really and in the end we belong, takes no account at all of such finite claims." For example: "we feel that to make a great poet, say, the richest man in his community would be irrelevant and self-contradictory"; among other things, "it is not what he wants." But "not what he wants" is a rather damaging irrelevancy. To make the case concrete, since poetry is not just now a "going concern," let us substitute the college professor. When comparison is made between the income of the most distinguished scholar and the many thousands earned by men of high rank in the more paying professions, the reply is rightly made that the desire for great wealth and splendid living is hardly in accord with the scholar's pretensions. They are not what your true scholar wants. In the meantime there is a scheme of things embodying what he does want, and among them a reasonable leisure, including pecuniary leisure, which will enable him more freely both to live the life that he enjoys and to do the things that he can do best. If we have read the "Republic" rightly, this specially individualized claim is what Plato, the Messiah of Mr. Bosanquet's philosophy, would have been disposed to recognize. It looks as if Mr. Bosanquet had been guilty of measuring the personal claim by the desire to fill one's purse, and thus of supposing that the only alternative to pecuniary greed (the "individualism" of popular thought) is self-sacrifice and self-surrender. But, as he is fond of remarking, "it takes all sorts of men to make a world"; and, if the sorts are real, then each has his claim, not according to quantity, but according to individual quality and significance. Mr. Bosanquet thinks that in surrendering these claims we transcend any merely finite self-consciousness. Our question is whether a transcendence of self which obliterates self is not a retreat from idealism to materialism.

The spiritual membership greets us again, but in a more approachable attitude, in Prof. Royce's Hibbert Lectures on "The Problem of Christianity"; again the central problem is the value and destiny of the individual; and again the argument is based upon what seems finest and best in the relations of men. The present work is less impressively solid than the author's "World and Individual." The ideas are fewer, and there is less ground for the attitude of leisurely suspense. The work is none the less a notable contribution to the interpretation of Christian ideas. The style is perhaps too stately, but masterly from the standpoint of clearness of exposition and often eloquent. And it must be said that the main purpose has been achieved, namely, of showing that the problem of Christianity is a problem deeply rooted in human thought and human nature.

"The Christian Doctrine of Life," treated in the first volume, presents three leading ideas: (1) The idea of the community, historically represented by the Church—it is mainly Pauline Christianity that Professor Royce expounds; (2) the idea of the lost state of the natural man; (3) the idea of atonement, with the more general idea of saving grace. In the history of the race the deepest and most universal need of man is for salvation from the burden of sin. Modern thought, to be sure, discounts the idea of sin; yet even modern thought may see the point if we ask how a corrupt and treacherous man can ever become genuinely honorable. Now, the meaning of Christianity is that salvation cannot be reached through any merely human knowledge or culture. No calculation of mutual advantage can bring about a whole-hearted faithfulness. At its very best, culture leaves the individual isolated and unsatisfied. Salvation comes, then, through a loyal devotion of self to a leader, a cause, a community; and the type of such community, the universal community, is the Church as expounded by Paul. Thus it appears, not unexpectedly, that Christianity is "the religion of loyalty"; and thus far, but hardly further, Professor Royce is a Christian. Yet thus far it may seem that he has hardly advanced beyond the rather banal substitution of "society" for God. The position is saved by the argument that the genuine community is as truly a person as the individual. Nations have their personal distinctions as well as men. But the community is a wiser as well as a more powerful person—so, at least, Royce claims—and thus worthy of our reverence. The universal community, the final object of all human aspirations, is God. "There is a sense in which *all* the tragedy and the attainment of an endless past and future of deeds and of fortunes enters into my own life." One who can say this finds himself in the universal and beloved community with the saints and sages of all times and in communion with God.

This power of the community to lift a man out of himself is the Christian's "saving grace." Here we should note two striking chapters on guilt ("Time and Guilt") and atonement. In reply to Matthew Arnold's disparagement of the Puritan contemplation of sin, Royce insists that a steady gaze upon the fact of sin is not a weak, but a resolute, attitude. Except as I take my past act of dishonor precisely for the fact that it was, I cannot now claim to be a genuinely honorable man. Atonement, again, is a distinctly non-natural fact. No merely good deed in the present can reconcile me to the fact that I wilfully betrayed a trust; it must be a "creative deed," by which the world "is better than it would have been had all else remained the same, but had the deed of treason not been done at all." And, according to Royce, such creative deed can issue only from the community; in other words, atonement must be vicarious.

The second volume on "The Real World and the Christian Ideas," contains some interesting analysis of the logic and metaphysics of the communal relation. Some of this suggests criticisms, which we omit in order to state once more the main issue. Can a man by nature wicked be regenerated by culture? Or—can a man regenerate himself? When

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Professor Royce tells us that such regeneration is an act of creation, we are reminded of other creations, such as the conception of evolution or the Eroica Symphony. Either of these is as difficult to explain by a natural process of cause and effect, or by the rules of formal logic, as the moral regeneration. Yet shall we deny that Beethoven created the symphony—that his genius was individual? Of course, it may be contended that genius itself comes from above, or from the community. However this may be, the cases are clearly similar. Nor is this the only point in which culture appears to perform the functions of "grace." For while it is true that refinement of individual taste makes sympathetic appreciation often a difficult problem, yet this very refinement, if not spurious, implies an insight which takes men out of their individual isolation and brings them to an understanding. If not this, what is the interest and significance of literature? In any case, Professor Royce has stated truly the issue between the church and the world. Whatever else is implied in the Christian idea, it clearly means that salvation comes only from above, through a power that transcends the ordinary processes of culture.

"Foundations," by seven Oxford men, fellows and tutors, is "a statement of Christian belief in terms of modern thought." The writers are N. S. Talbot, R. Brook, B. H. Streeter, A. E. J. Rawlinson, R. G. Parsons, W. Temple, and W. H. Moberly. The purpose of the essays, together with the uniformly high quality of scholarship, style, and thought, makes the work one of more than ordinary significance. The reader will find many points of contact with the ideas that we have just been considering. In "God and the Absolute" Mr. Moberly is rather deferential to Bosanquet's idealism, but makes it clear that his absolute is not yet the Christian's God.

"The Concept of Sin," Mr. Tennant's third work on sin, is an excellent piece of psychological analysis, but the style is rather severe. The purpose is to rescue the concept of sin from the fashionable tendency to identify sin with ignorance or disease. He makes a good point in showing that modern psychology is prevented from grasping the meaning of sin and moral accountability by a blind adherence to an objective standpoint, but his analysis of the subjective, or personal, standpoint—"psychic" in his own term—leaves something to be desired.

Prof. J. Y. Simpson's "Spiritual Interpretation of Nature" is the work of a biologist who is not only a theist, but even a rather old-fashioned orthodox Christian. The book is mainly a theistic interpretation of evolution. As might be expected, the writer shows a certain leaning towards writers such as Driesch and Sir Oliver Lodge, whose scientific orthodoxy is doubtful; and he goes so far as to entertain, in a footnote, the absurd suggestion that between the crucifixion and the resurrection Jesus may have occupied four-dimensional space. Yet, on the whole, his tone is sober, and neither his science nor his philosophy is superficial. One sentence reminds us how the theistic argument has changed: "The days are past when the unknown, the gap in our knowledge, was emphasized as the sure abode of the divine. Rather is it realized that the whole process is instinct with divinity."

CURRENT FICTION.

[IN COKAIGNE.]

Mixed Grill. By W. Pett Ridge. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The Happy Family. By Frank Swinnerton. The same.

Success. By Una L. Silberrad. New York: The same.

Cokaigne is a land of inexhaustible material for story-tellers. W. Pett Ridge is among the most successful of those who are just now dealing with the lighter humors of Cockney life. This group of stories, or sketches, borrows a motto from a city waiter: "If you can't make up your mind what to order, how about trying the mixed grill? You may not like all of it, but what you don't care for, you can easily leave!" The ingredients of the dish are less varied than the advertisement suggests, but they are all "tasty." A number of them, in their celebration of the practical joke, suggest the yarns of W. W. Jacobs. A few approach the treatment of character in contrast with type—the "character" of the stage. But perhaps their chief merit as a group lies in the fact that the author does not appear to be laboring for any sort of effect, serious or comic. If the tales suggest a series of "turns," they are the turns of a spontaneous performer, who enjoys himself in the process of holding an amused audience.

The two Cockney novels we have in hand are of serious type. Mr. Swinnerton's title should not mislead those readers who insist that fiction shall be pretty and agreeable. His is a happy family such as may be seen at the zoo, an incongruous assortment of breathing creatures condemned to live together, after a fashion, in one cage. That the members of the present group are linked by ties of kin and kind does not increase their charm as a composite picture. The Amersons are of the lower middle class. The head of the house is manager of a printing concern; a well-meaning man of limited ability and no outlook. He has married a fool and a sloven, who has brought into the world a family of children with just sense enough to despise her. They are all weaklings but one, "poor Mary," the Cinderella of the household, who by drudgery and management does what can be done towards giving the ménage some semblance of decency, with small thanks for her pains. A selfish prig of an elder son, a careless fribble of a younger, and their counterparts in two sisters, complete the group. The Amersons, discordant as they are, bow down to the clan fetich. They take for granted that the world is composed of their own inner circle and of the outer circles, near and remote, of their blood-relations. Even Mary, with her sound nature, grew up in the common creed, "had to believe what the other Amersons believed, and what her numerous cousins believed. And she was filled, as they were filled, with thoughts of family affairs only. . . . To her as to them, the greatest festivity imaginable was a party—a family party, to which all the most remote and stranger cousins should be summoned because of a tie that bound their diverse spirits more closely than any legal agreement." Her awakening is to come, slowly and with pain; and finally, the revolt and secession which alone can give her a chance of happiness. Her figure and that of her lover apart, the picture remains a sombre one to the end. In the quiet relentlessness of its analysis the story is akin to Mr. Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale."

"Success" is a novel equally deficient in the commodities of popular romance. Its young man is a genius, to be sure, but not in the ordinary line; being merely a mechanical engineer, he cannot be charged with that famous "temperament" with which novelists, especially feminine novelists, are so fond of dealing. And, though something of the sort is threatened in the opening chapter, entanglements of sex have nothing to do with the story. There is a girl, and she is devoted to him and he to her—in every way but one. They understand each other perfectly, turn to each other instinctively in joy or trouble. There is no other man in her life, and no other woman in his. But that does not mean that there never may be; does not in itself constitute an argument for their marriage. There is nothing less conventional, nothing more sound, in the story than their conscious withdrawal from the brink of a union led up towards by circumstance, but not warranted by the love of those who wed truly. Annarly is a striking portrait of the genius which achieves by single-minded effort towards a specific end. But Nan Barmister, quiet connoisseur of antiques in her shop at Soho, faithful daughter and perfect friend, is, for reasons too subtle even to be suggested in a review, a figure still more likely to be remembered.

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No display is made of her, she seems to do little and to talk less; but she manages to do what is, after all, a very rare thing in the pages of fiction: she lives.

Wallingford in His Prime. By George Randolph Chester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Wallingford of this volume is a big, "jovially smiling" man whose "round face bore the color which could only come from years of fastidiously selected food and drink; moreover, his haberdashery, though striking, was correct and up to the minute"—and yet withal a blasé Wallingford weighed upon with heaviness and utterly consumed—at times—with weariness, who makes his moan, "looking gloomily down sunlit Broadway: 'I wish I were broke. I've got back that house on the Avenue for Fannie, and laid in a couple of bales of bonds for her and the boy, and I've bought about everything that money will buy for a man who doesn't care to be a Senator. The fun's all gone.'" Upon Blackie Daw the boredom of well-being lies even more oppressively. "'I wish I could be a sucker,' confessed Blackie sadly. 'Why, Jimmie, many and many a time I've looked at a gentle come-on being led up to the harpoon and envied him the happiness in his face.'" Not necessity, then, but that pressing need to exercise their peculiar talents which all true artists know, now takes these genial birds of prey afield, out of the safe ways of legitimate business, and sends them swooping hither and yon, seeking whose wealth they may appropriate.

This new cycle of exploits renews Wallingford's claim to being the "most enjoyable thief at large," and also recalls an earlier query as to whether he is to be regarded as a modernized Robin Hood, or as more closely akin to Buster Brown, Foxy Grandpa, and other natives of those realms of riotous burlesque of which the cartoonist is chief interpreter. The likeness of the American promoter and his loyal comedian support to the famous Sherwood robber and his good harper is superficially furthered in this volume by Blackie's acquisition of a saxophone. Indeed, the differences between them are just about the differences between a saxophone and a harp. More essential resemblances might be pointed out in several instances of financial chivalry, and in the fact that Wallingford's chief asset is always the greedy credulity of his victims. Still, it is a little hard to explain Wallingford in any way as an embodiment of outlawed justice, or (however fully he may embrace in his person all that other nations curse under the name American) as in any sense a national hero. At most, he is merely a distinctively American type of incorrigibility, lately renowned as the leading exponent of the Broadway myth.

THE BOYHOOD OF HENRY JAMES.

A Small Boy and Others. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Procul, O procul este, profani! This is the inner shrine, and it may as well be said at the outset that except for the very devout there is little in it, and except to the deeply initiated it will prove almost impenetrable. Let none of rude appetite approach the volume with a hope, born of the winning title, that Henry James has reverted to his less intricate manner or has attained the serener simplicity of age. One winds into the labyrinth to a tune that makes Walter Pater sound like martial music. Yet as a child watches the milk slowly suffusing the mounded sugar on his morning cereal, so one follows with a certain fascination the capillary creeping of Mr. James's thought up the cumulated phrases, along the hair-breadth hyphens, through insidious parentheses, and ambushed shadowy digressions till it touches at last with almost lifeless finger the breathless periphery of the period.

The opening sentence announces with engaging candor "some particulars of the early life of William James." In about ten seconds William glides into the wings and Henry takes his place, but he, too, is swiftly swept off the stage by the somnambulic drift of Albany cousins, vague airs and atmospheres, dim pedagogues, ghostly odors of old book shops, dissolving scenes of old New York, faint records of social "awarenesses," hesitating perceptions, dubious apprehensions, glimmerings and fadings of consciousness. All is phantasmal; one gropes in vain for a three-dimensioned body. One closes one's eyes; direct vision is useless; one must perceive, not see, by a light that reaches the object through endless anfractuosities. One says in one's haste that the author does not care a straw *what* he recalls from the abysses of memory; how his mind is functioning in the process of evocation—that alone appears to preoccupy him. By dint of reading, say, every third sentence thrice, one fights one's way through the rolling vapors to about the author's fourteenth year, and, brushing the mist from one's eyes, sees just ahead on page 419 the blessed signal, THE END. Then, as one looks back, wearied and grateful, the astonished question leaps to the lips: "The Boy, oh where was he?"

Somewhere far back in the vast middle of the book one did hear for a single thrilling instant a boy's voice, clear, bright, emphatic: "*I* play with boys who curse and swear." That was the voice of the future Professor William James declining his brother's company on "some planned excursion." That curt sentence rings through the palled and painful stillness of the novelist's solemn edifice with the startling violence of an oath in an ancient church, reassuringly persuading us that we are not the last of the living. There was a token of the thinker who was more than half-sick of shadows and patterns and aspects, whose passion it was to feel the arterial blood warmly throbbing through the dry channels of philosophic thought. One raises, so to speak, a mental shout of demand that the young "stellar" halfback of pragmatism be put into the game. How he would enliven the field! What stunning contrasts he would contribute to the spectacle! But we Philistines, so judges the austere Master of Ceremonies, have long enough played in our crude way with the psychologizing romancer and the romancing psychologist, and William remains blanketed and silent on the bench.

Nor is our business much with that other boy, so inconceivably detached, speechless, inactive, wide-eyed. But when one abandons the search for a boy as boy, one may by indefatigable attention learn what moments precisely in the first dozen years of Henry James's life, what almost imperceptible "breathings," to use his own word, seem to him, sixty years later, to have counted ultimately towards his culture and the development of his fictive power. It is a subtle affair, this tracking back one's full-blown passion for the colors, and fragrance, and total social aspect of Europe to its first faint stirrings and intimations far away amid the unredeemed rawness of the American scene. With infinite tact Mr. James does not tell us, but only makes us aware that the land of his birth offered to his aspiring youth little in the way of native products, but the stony food of business, oratory, ice-cream, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, and Barnum's Museum. Yet all the more paradisiacally came the sacred appeal of the Old World through French schoolmistress, travellers' tales, actors, imported pictures, and the smell of English books. One heaves a sigh of relief when the half-starved boy is free at last to mix with the "*fond*" of his inward life the "thicker civility" of London.

Now come the high points of this literally incomparable narrative—the minor Pisgahs of a consecrated youth. The boy, we suppose in the neighborhood of his twelfth year, lies stricken with malaria in a London room with a "window open to the English June and the far-off hum of a thousand possibilities. I consciously took them in, these last, and must then, I think, have first tasted the very greatest pleasure per-

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haps I was ever to know—that of almost holding my breath in presence of certain aspects to the end of so taking in." Another similar moment of "sacred consciousness" befell the boy in the presence of Géricault's Radeau de la Méduse in the Louvre, a moment containing a "foretaste (as determined by that instant as if the hour had struck from a clock) of all the fun, confusedly speaking, that one was going to have, and the kind of life, always of the so-called inward sort, tremendously 'sporting' in its way—though that description didn't there wait upon it, that one was going to lead. It came of itself . . . it came just there and so; there was alarm in it somehow as well as bliss."

Though this authentic note of high and thrilling experience is not often sounded in these pages, we would not leave the impression that there are not other rewards by the way—occasional brilliant flashes of characterization, from time to time a passage of fine cold humor, plentifully scattered phrases of shining felicity, and even an entire quivering sentence or so that makes the heart dance with delight. We would mention in particular a spot in the final chapter concerning the various social aspects of Boulogne-sur-Mer, where the light comes crashing down upon the page:

> The general British show, as we had it there, in the artless mid-Victorian desert, had, I think, for its most sweeping sign the high assurance of its dowdiness; whereas one had only to glance about at the seafaring and fisher-folk who were the real strength of the place to feel them shed at every step and by their every instinct of appearance the perfect lesson of taste. . . . To hit that happy mean of rightness amid the mixed occupations of a home-mother and a fish-wife, to be in especial both so bravely stripped below and so perfectly enveloped above as the deep-wading, far-striding, shrimp-netting, crab-gathering matrons or maidens who played, waist-high, with the tides and racily quickened the market, was to make grace thoroughly practical and discretion thoroughly vivid.

Here again for a moment we have English, not broken on the wheel, but undefiled and jubilant, stepping out like the avant-courrier of Aurora. A moment before, we had—well, one was breathlessly wondering whether the samphire was worth the gathering. Having followed the high calling of letters with a pontifical majesty now upwards of forty years and in these latter days with a princely indifference to readers, Henry James is unquestionably entitled to write whatever book he pleases for his own delectation and in his own fashion. Yet when one considers the memoirs that he, perhaps better than any man of his time, is qualified to write, one cannot but regret as a kind of defrauding of legitimate expectation that he should have spent any part of his memorializing age upon, relatively speaking, such trivial fond records as these.

Our Neighbors: The Japanese. By Joseph King Goodrich. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co. $1.25 net.

There is room for a handy, up-to-date book on Japan, by a writer thoroughly acquainted with the country and people. The "Japan" in the History of the Nations series, contributed by the late Dr. David Murray, excellent in its time, is now out of date; and the same may be said of Dr. G. W. Knox's "Japanese Life in Town and Country." The history of Japan in the last ten years has been too remarkable to be neglected in any adequate survey. Longford's "Japan of the Japanese" is too entirely British in its outlook, and leaves untouched some vital subjects, like Education.

Mr. Goodrich had therefore a fine opportunity in this attractive series. He first saw Japan in the sixties before the Meiji era began; he served in a government school in the eighties, and he has revisited the country within the last few years. Several of the fifteen chapters of his book handle their topics in an interesting and instructive way; such, for instance, as ix and x, The Farmer and The Fisherman, and xii, The Ainu. Mistakes in Japanese are almost entirely absent; "Tayotomi" (Toyotomi)—p. 80—is one of the rare exceptions. But the author has no sense of his own limitations; and when he enters the field of historical and philological discussion his lack of adequate training and scholarship becomes only too manifest. The description of himself on the title-page as "Sometime Professor in the Imperial College, Kyoto," is surely misleading; ought it not to read, "Instructor in the Higher Middle School, Kyoto"? The Imperial University of Kyoto was not founded till 1897, and its president in 1910, when Mr. Goodrich last visited Japan, was Baron Kikuchi, with whom he seems to be unacquainted, for he speaks of him on page 79 as "Mr. Kikuchi," in an uncomplimentary reference. There was certainly no "Imperial College" at Kyoto in the earlier Meiji era. His attack on the Baron's admirable "Japanese Education" is evidently based on a superficial reading of recent historians, like Murdoch, whom he quotes patronizingly on page 82.

The style at times is oddly pretentious and garrulous, with a plethora of unnecessary "I's." In chapter iii, The Japanese Family, he gravely informs us that "the first thing to say about the Japanese, and it is really astonishing, is to tell of adoption. . . . Sometimes a less pleasing way of securing a son is resorted to. It is scriptural, but I am glad to say is becoming less frequent in Japan than it was thirty or forty years ago. It is for a man to take a concubine if his true wife has no children. . . . In Japan there was nothing wrong in this semi-Mormonism."

In his chapter on the Ainu he lays claim to having contributed, in two articles that appeared in the *Popular Science Monthly* of the year 1888, "the first careful and thorough study of these people which had up to that time been given in English." This is a wilful misstatement, for at the close of these very articles he mentions among a list of authorities, Chamberlain and Batchelor's monograph on the Ainu aborigines, which appeared in 1887 as Part I of the Memoirs of the Literature College of the Imperial University of Japan. It was the fortunate combination of the trained philologer, Prof. Basil H. Chamberlain, and the painstaking C. M. S. missionary, the Rev. John Batchelor, which gave us "the first careful and thorough study of these people." In the Bibliography at the close, containing about seventy names, no mention is made of this monograph; and there are other significant omissions. Mr. Goodrich's subsequent two pieces of journalistic work, embellished with cuts taken from Miss Isabella Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan"—which appeared in 1880, by the way, not in 1878, as given in the Bibliography—have little or no importance.

Colbert's West India Policy. By Stewart L. Mims. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2 net.

Professor Mims presents in this careful and readable monograph the results of a study of an important and too much neglected phase of Colbert's colonial and commercial policy. He points out that Colbert was led to develop the West Indies largely because the enterprising Dutch were rapidly taking advantage of the rich possibilities of these French possessions. This is sound doctrine, for the unexampled prosperity of Dutch maritime investments was undoubtedly responsible for many phases of Colbert's policy and activity. But, although Professor Mims thus rightly lays emphasis on the significance, in the seventeenth century, of the "ubiquitous Dutch trader," he leaves some very important things to be said in respect to the larger interests, political and commercial, which were at stake between the French and Dutch. It is impossible, even in the special case of the West Indies, to neglect, as he has done, a broad consideration of Colbert's attitude towards Holland.

Colbert's policy, aiming to stimulate French activity by eliminating foreign competition, began with the West Indies, as in other cases, by the organiza-

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tion of a Company to which were liberally granted monopolies and the privileges of high protection. Professor Mims records at length and in perhaps too much detail, the rise and fall of the Company—omitting, however, a most essential aspect of the subject. No institution of this sort can be adequately estimated without some consideration of the character and temperament of the people upon whom it depends for support. Considerable light can be thrown upon the failure of this institution, as well as upon several other phases of French economic history, by examining the contemporaneous Frenchman. Abuse and corruption contributed, as Professor Mims indicates, to the fall of Colbert's system of monopoly, but it must be added that the French themselves were not keenly interested in the Company; as shopkeepers they were still some way behind the English, or as merchants behind the Dutch. It is entirely too charitable to regard the Company's fall, "not as a check in Colbert's commercial policy, but rather as an indication that enough progress had been made to render such a Company as no longer necessary."

Several chapters of the book deal with Colbert's experiments in stimulating particular branches of commercial activity. Professor Mims is inclined to picture him as compelled by hard necessity reluctantly to impose restrictions and tariffs. He quotes Colbert's declaration: "Commerce must be left free unless there is an indispensable necessity to commit it into the hands of a company or of a few contractors." Now, we do not think that this places Colbert among the free-traders: we think, in view of Colbert's character and acts, that it amounts to saying, "Commerce can be free so long as it conforms to my system and fulfils my intentions." Colbert was sure that he alone knew what was best for France and her trade. Like his royal master, he wished things to work as he determined. It may be true, as Professor Mims says, that "the dominant note of his industrial and commercial policy was patriotism," but it does not follow that this affected his conviction as to the value of high protective duties. Whatever his ideals may have been, he acted as a protectionist, and he expected all Frenchmen to show their patriotism by acting as he directed.

The results of Colbert's West India policy were more considerable than is generally recognized. Here Professor Mims is clear. By 1683 Colbert "had driven the Dutch from the field and more than two hundred French vessels were trading annually at Martinique, Guadeloupe, and Santo Domingo. He had advanced the ports of La Rochelle, Bordeaux, and Nantes, especially, to new life, and the West India trade became henceforth a source of much profit to their merchants and traders and served as a base of their whole commercial development in the eighteenth century."

The critical and fairly extensive bibliography at the end of the book is curiously defective. It does not include many printed books cited at length in the text, and it does contain several which could have had very little connection with the subject. It is not a complete list of all the material consulted, and when it discriminates it is not always successful. The index is very exasperating: it omits a large number of proper names as well as several important titles or subject headings. Both bibliography and index fall below the scholarly level of the rest of the book.

Notes

The Oxford University Press (Frowde) will publish in a few weeks "Rustic Speech and Folk Lore," by Mrs. Joseph Wright, who was one of the editors of the "English Dialect Dictionary."

The same house has in preparation "The Early Life of Mark Rutherford (W. Hale White) by Himself." These autobiographical notes were written when Mr. White was seventy-eight years old, not primarily for publication, but "to please two or three persons related to me by affection." The volume has been seen through the press by Miss Mary Theodora White.

Forthcoming books of Doubleday, Page & Co. include "Laddie—A True Blue Story," by Gene Stratton-Porter, and "Gold," a novel by Stewart Edward White.

Henry Holt & Co. announce for publication in the autumn "Bransford in Arcadia, or the Little Eohippus" by Eugene Manlove Rhodes.

"The New Man," a story of New York life by Jane Stone, is one of the titles promised by Crowell for autumn.

Among the autumn announcements of the Century Co. are: "The Jack-Knife Man," by Ellis Parker Butler, author of "Pigs is Pigs"; Dr. C. V. Legros's "Fabre, Poet of Science," a biography; "The Thirteenth Juror," by Frederick Trevor Hill, and a volume on international trade by James D. Whelpley.

We have several times stated our belief that for the purpose of the Loeb Classical Library (Macmillan) a prose translation is more serviceable than one in verse. This is indisputably true when, as in the case of the lyrical portions of M. Edmonds's Theocritus, the English follows the Greek at a very long interval. It is true to a certain extent of Dr. Arthur S. Way's Euripides, but in the same editor's Quintus Smyrnæus, the latest of the Library to reach us, we must admit that the use of verse has been singularly successful. Dr. Way has here succeeded in following the language of the "Posthomerica," or "Fall of Troy," as he calls it, so closely as to render easy and quick assistance to any halting reader of the Greek, and at the same time has thrown a surprising amount of spirit and variety into his lines. Quintus was not a great poet, but he made a good story of the siege and final overthrow of the sacred city, with the episodes of Penthesileia and Philoctetes and the fatal horse of wood, and at times his language has the old haunting spell of Homer. If only he had been wise enough to let well enough alone, and not to pile horror on horror, and metaphor on metaphor! As an illustration of the better manner of Quintus and of the style of his translator we may take a few lines from the ninth book, which relate how Philoctetes was appeased of his wrath by Odysseus, and how with his comforters he sailed back to Troy:

"Thy woeful wound, thine anguish, shall be healed,
If thou but come with us to Achæa's host—
The host that now is sorrowing after thee
With all its kings. And no man of them all
Was cause of thine affliction, but the Fates,
The cruel ones, whom none that walk the earth
Escape, but aye they visit hapless men
Unseen: and day by day with pitiless hearts
Now they afflict men, now again exalt
To honor—none knows why; for all the woes
And all the joys of men do these devise
After their pleasure." Hearkening he sat
To Odysseus and to godlike Diomede;
And all the hoarded wrath for olden wrongs
And all the torturing rage, melted away.
. . . . . .
Then came
The balmy night, and sleep slid down on them.
Till rose the dawn they tarried by the strand
Of sea-girt Lemnos, but with dayspring cast
The hawsers loose, and heaved the anchor-stones
Out of the deep. Athena sent a breeze
Blowing behind the galley taper-prowed.
They strained the sail with either stern-sheet taut;
Seaward they pointed the stout-girded ship;
O'er the broad flood she leapt before the wind;
Broken to right and left the dark wave sighed,
And seething all around was hoary foam,
While thronging dolphins raced on either hand
Flashing along the paths of silver sea.

Miss Alice Drayton Greenwood, who has already won her spurs (if the phrase is not too militant) in the field of the eighteenth century by her lives of the Hanoverian queens, has now written a volume on "Horace Walpole's World" (Macmillan). It is fairly cast in the conventional mould of these mixed memoirs, but it shows the hand of the professional writer and much more knowledge than is found in the ordinary amateurish exploitations of the age. Naturally, the book is largely composed out of Walpole's own voluminous correspondence, but some of the best and freshest illustrative matter is taken from the publications of the Historical MSS. Commission. This is notably the case in what is, perhaps, the best chapter in the book, that which deals with Modern Taste. Here Miss Greenwood draws largely on the diary of the second Viscount Grimston, who, in 1768, "endured a tour in order to study the beauties of his native land." To the noble traveller's task beauty consisted in the familiar and the regular. The coast of Wales, admired to-day by artist and "tripper," was to him merely "romantic" and hateful: "The entire road [from Aberayron to Aberystwith] is by the side of the sea, which shows a dreary prospect on one side, and the uncultivated mountains equally so on the other." This whole chapter is an illuminating treatise on the "picturesque" and the "romantic" as these epithets were applied to wild nature and to gardening.

When Miss Greenwood deals directly with the correspondence of Walpole she is, it

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seems, a little drawn aside by her amiability. Any one who has read through that correspondence, as the present reviewer has done with unflagging interest, will agree with her kindly estimate of the man and appreciate her exposition of his honesty in the age of Henry Fox. But it is hard to follow her when she brushes away the rôle of scandal in Walpole's letters. Indecency he seldom descends to, but scandal!—it hisses, and roars, and whispers, and gesticulates through his correspondence in a way that can only be described as magnificent. Miss Greenwood's chapter on The Legend of C. J. Fox is on the whole better than her portraiture of Walpole himself. Her serious homily, based on Mme. du Deffand's estimation of Fox—"Qu'est ce que l'esprit sans jugement et sans un grain de bon sens?"—might seem to break through the frame of her design, were it not that she attributes to Fox, and in a measure rightly, "the débâcle of the sacred Whig system" which was really "Walpole's World." And her characterization of Fox, as a type of the closing years of the century, is in itself masterly.

The Rev. Albert H. Currier, D.D., for twenty-six years professor of homiletics in Oberlin Theological Seminary, in a volume entitled "Nine Great Preachers" (The Pilgrim Press), sketches briefly the life and work of distinguished Christian homilists from Chrysostom to Phillips Brooks. The studies are made with a practical purpose, to call attention to the methods of sermon preparation and to cultivate pulpit power. This endeavor to improve the experiences of the various divines for the benefit of young theologues somewhat mars the chapters as biographical essays. The analysis of the distinguishing characteristics of the preachers selected for treatment is discerning and fair. The author is an earnest evangelical, but that does not forbid sympathetic treatment of Bernard of Clairvaux, Bousset, and F. W. Robertson. One may perhaps question the inclusion of John Bunyan and Alexander McLaren in a volume devoted to so small a number of pulpit orators. Besides those above mentioned, the volume treats of Richard Baxter and Henry Ward Beecher.

John J. Underwood's "Alaska: An Empire in the Making" (Dodd, Mead) is the work of an Alaskan enthusiast, whose zeal for his subject, when he gets headed northward from Seattle, warms up in proportion as the mercury goes down. To him the clear gain to the United States from the acquisition of Alaska is measured simply by subtracting the amount paid out by the Government for purchase and maintenance from the total output of Alaskan industries—$460,000,000 minus $15,500,000 leaves $444,500,000. "And Alaska could be sold to-morrow at a profit of several billions of dollars on its visible assets." After this, one is not surprised that he is able to figure that the United States could save the cost of a new battleship each year by procuring coal for its Pacific fleet in Alaska rather than West Virginia. But the reader is duly warned that "the fabulous values placed on some of these coal lands by irresponsible people who are ignorant of the facts are extremely ridiculous." Through its reindeer industry Alaska is to break the power of the Beef Trust, a reindeer cut even now being served for seventy-five cents in one Seattle hotel which charges two dollars for a porterhouse steak. In some of Mr. Underwood's outbursts of descriptive eloquence the array of adjectives is suggestive of his own picture of the wild reindeer crowding through Caribou Crossing, or the pack ice grinding its way through Bering Straits. The book cannot serve as a source of trustworthy information, and it is noticeably tinctured here and there with an anti-conservation bias.

Mr. Herbert Fisher's "Napoleon" in the Home University Library (Holt) is an admirable brief biography. In simplicity, directness, picturesqueness, insight, and brief comprehensiveness it reminds one of that other biographical gem, Einhard's Life of Charlemagne. It is, in fact, the excellent kind of a book which one expects who has read Mr. Fisher's unequalled chapter on the Napoleonic Code in the Cambridge Modern History or his essays on Bonapartism. He omits no phase of Napoleon's many-sided activity. Though he here gives us nothing strikingly novel—and one does not expect novelty in such a summary account—he nevertheless, by his abundant use of happy adjectives and by his trenchant style, imparts freshness and interest to every one of the two hundred and fifty small pages. The chapter on The Qualities of Empire, in which, as a subject of the British Empire, he makes suggestive comparisons between the Roman, Carolingian, and Napoleonic Empires, is of real originality and unusual interest. As is inevitable with any one who studies carefully the career of Napoleon, Mr. Fisher is an admirer of Napoleon's genius, but with more qualifications than Mr. J. H. Rose. Mr. Fisher's apt and just conclusion is that Napoleon "took glory as his end, found it in conquest, and was too often prone to measure it by destruction. So with the grandest intellectual endowments ever vouchsafed to man, and despite many services to law, to administration, to the moral and intellectual progress of France, he remains the great modern example of that reckless and defiant insolence which formed the matter of ancient tragedy and is at war with the harmonies of human life."

In "Letters and Character Sketches from the House of Commons" (imported by Dutton), Sir Richard Carnac Temple has collated and edited a number of letters and notes written by his father, Sir Richard Temple, while he was a member of the House of Commons from 1886 to 1895. Sir Richard Temple was a man of shrewd judgment and untiring industry, and these qualities he applied to the observation of men and measures in the House of Commons. He wrote a daily journal in the form of letters to his wife, which grew gradually into eleven quarto manuscript volumes. From this mass of material the son has made a judicious selection of letters dealing with the exciting period of Irish obstruction in 1886 and 1887. The student of English politics will find much that is of value in Sir Richard Temple's notes on the questions of the day, but far more interesting are his character sketches of various members of the House who for one reason or another attracted his attention. Besides carefully studied summaries of the leading men of the day, we have his impressions of the promising young men, then on the threshold of their parliamentary career, whose names have since become famous. In general Sir Richard's estimates were shrewd and impartial, despite his sincere conviction that the Tory party alone was the trustee of England's greatness. It is interesting to note his indulgent impression of the youthful Sir Edward Grey as "one of the most presentable young men of the Radical party." The present Prime Minister is to-day particularly distinguished for the lucidity with which he can present a complicated proposal, but Sir Richard, while praising him as "a debater and an assailant," is unprepared to commit himself as to what Mr. Asquith would be "in making a constructive speech, explaining proposals, expounding a system, arranging facts, figures and arguments." Lord Morley even in those days was "Honest John," for we are told that "his rapid rise . . . is partly due to unshakable consistency of opinion joined to sterling honesty of character." Lloyd George "speaks well by natural aptitude, and has plenty of self-assertion," but he "does not seem to carry weight with the Liberal party, nor has he, so far, found his way to the esteem of the House at large." These pages are unrelieved by many touches of humor, for Sir Richard Temple was one who took himself and the House of Commons with great seriousness, but they serve to give a very vivid picture of men and events at an interesting period of parliamentary history.

Mr. Frank A. Mumby has been so encouraged by the reception accorded to his "Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth," that he proposes eventually to illustrate the whole history of England in the "gentle and familiar way" of contemporary letters. If his latest work ("The Youth of Henry VIII, a Narrative in Contemporary Letters"; Houghton Mifflin) is a fair sample of those that are to follow it, the series as a whole promises to be far less satisfactory than the initial volume. The plan here pursued is identical with that of Mr. Mumby's earlier book—a number of contemporary letters, strung together by brief and on the whole sensible comments. But the letters here chosen are far less well selected than in the "Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth," and all of them have been printed before. Some of them are transcribed from ancient and notoriously inaccurate compilations like Joseph Grove's "Life and Times of Wolsey." In others whole paragraphs are omitted, without the slightest indication of the fact (the letter of Sir Brian Tuke to Richard Pace printed on pages 221-226 is a case in point). No attempt, apparently, has been made to preserve the original spelling, yet we occasionally run across a curious archaism (e. g., "opulant," p. 226). It is not easy to recognize the real recipient of Henry VIII's letter of April 12, 1513 (p. 166)—namely, Christopher Bainbridge—under the title, Cardinal Remus, which Mr. Mumby applies to him. The index sheds no light on the matter, and is, in general, a strange mixture of inaccuracy and ignorance. By far the best thing in the book is the portrait of Henry VIII as a child (to face page 14). A good look at it will explain vastly more than the average character sketch. Mr. Mumby has embarked on an interesting and promising enterprise, in his attempt to introduce the "average read-

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er" to the "sources"; but if his future volumes are to attain real success, he must take more pains in finding and transcribing his letters, and above all he must learn more about the people who wrote them.

"The Story of Santiago de Compostela" (Dutton), by C. Gasquoine Hartley, is one of the many modern books which attempt to combine a smattering of history and architectural description with practical hints to the tourist. It is prettily illustrated, and easy to read. It tells at length, without any attempt to test their authenticity, a majority of the legends and stories which have clustered around the famous shrine of Spain's patron saint. A characteristic paragraph discusses at length the question whether or not the "ethnology [*sic*] of Compostela is to be found in the Latin word *compostum*, signifying a site reserved for interments." The descriptions of the Cathedral and other buildings of the city are mediocre. The last chapter, Information for the Visitor, is considerably less valuable than the corresponding pages in Baedeker. For more than a century Spain seems to have possessed a peculiar fascination for writers of books of travel and description interlarded with observations on history, politics, and art; and the present work is a fair specimen of its class as at present produced. But comparison with earlier and classic samples of the same species, as, for instance, the masterpieces of Richard Ford and George Borrow, suggests gloomy prospects for the future.

An English publicist, Mr. Frank Fox, of the *Morning Post*, reviews the political and strategic conditions affecting maritime supremacy in a fluent little volume entitled "Problems of the Pacific" (Small, Maynard & Company). Discussions of this sort are supposed to excite amusement among trained diplomatists, who realize better than the uninitiated how fortuitously the fate of nations is ordered, but within reasonable limits they offer material of value to the common man to think about at home. Their usefulness, however, varies in proportion as they deal with facts or elaborate predictions. To give an accurate summary of conditions in all the regions bordering upon the Pacific basin is a laborious task, to divine their future prospects is pleasant and easy. In this performance of Mr. Fox there are indications of his having expended some labor and derived a good deal of pleasure. Just ten years ago Colquhoun's "Mastery of the Pacific" made a more elaborate adventure in the same region of prophecy; but the defeat of Russia, the confederation of Australia, and the Panama Canal have left the descriptive portions of that excellent work its only claim to a place on the library shelves. Mr. Fox endeavors to be fair—to the white man. He does not believe in the staying power of the Japanese or in the reality of a Yellow Peril. He concludes that "the Pacific will fall as the Mediterranean did, as the Atlantic did, to the rule of the white man." Probably the politicians of New Rome in the seventh century thought the same thing about their sea, but it has taken twelve centuries for the Caucasian to regain the hold which Rome lost over that water before that century ended.

We have no present reason to fear subjugation by any Asiatics, but a political programme that virtually ignores them and parcels out the Pacific among the white nations seems to be based upon premises which deny the Malay-Mongolian races any prospect whatever of further development, and arrogates to the European all the advantages of initiative and invention. Furthermore, we must remember the fact that Asia has thus far been the source of all religious impulses of the first magnitude. While we are estimating strength in terms of Dreadnoughts and trade reports, can we be sure that Asia will never produce another Sakyamuni or Mohammed to upset our calculations? Mr. Fox's book is frankly imperialist and Anglo-Celtic—to use his favorite term for the English-speaking peoples—but his is not a blatant imperialism. It will do no harm. But there are too many slips in his statements to inspire entire confidence in him as a guide to the careful imperialist. The Satsuma rebellion occurred in 1877, not 1884, and Argentina does not occupy 3,954,911 square miles, but 1,135,000, while Chili has 292,580 instead of 2,474—to mention only three of them.

Science

BOOKS ON GARDENING.

Success in Gardening. By Jessie Peabody Frothingham. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.25 net.

Flower Gardening. By H. S. Adams. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $1.25 net.

The Hardy Flower Book. By E. H. Jenkins. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1 net.

Suburban Gardens. By Grace Tabor. New York: Outing Publishing Co. 70 cents net.

A Farm in Creamland. By Charles Garvice. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3 net.

Bacon's admonition that "there ought to be gardens for all the months of the year" is more easily acted on in England than in our country; but that there is something to do every month for gardeners, amateur as well as professional, is shown in "Success in Gardening," which is divided into twelve sections bearing the names of the months, each being further divided into four weeks, none of which escapes its share of the work. Some of this subdivision is necessarily rather arbitrary, yet in the main the author succeeds in finding the best moment for each of the multitudinous acts that go to the making and maintaining of a flower garden. The winter months are the time for planning, getting the necessary tools, and buying the seeds, in the choice of which the writer urges the selection of the new and beautiful varieties which one misses in so many gardens. "Why not try two or three new varieties each year, and through selection and elimination attain individuality?" To facilitate this, lists are given of the best varieties of annuals and perennials, together with the names of trustworthy seedsmen and growers of shrubs, trees, and bulbs, all of which are duly considered in their place and season. Incidentally, there are many hints as to how to help along the plants; two of the most frequently neglected of such suggestions relate to the cutting of withered flowers (which the author regards as more important than weeding), and the use of wood ashes as a fertilizer, not only on the lawn, for which they are usually recommended, but in the garden, too.

The author of "Flower Gardening" also dwells repeatedly on the important work to be done in months during which the gardener is usually supposed to be idle. Much, in particular, can be done in the autumn that will lighten the labor of springtime. While annuals are not neglected, there is a bias throughout this book in favor of hardy gardens filled with perennials, partly because these involve less labor after they are once planted, but chiefly because of the distribution of their blooming season through the greater part of the year. In chapter xi an ingenious plan is unfolded for having something to admire in the garden as many weeks of the year as possible. Shrubs and evergreens receive due attention, and there are also chapters on the making of flower pictures, flowers for cutting, shaded gardens, floral hobbies, and birds in the garden, with directions for luring birds and frustrating the evil designs of the cat. There is an index, the absence of which in "Success in Gardening" is regrettable. Both these books are freely illustrated.

Exceptionally commendable are the numerous flower pictures in E. H. Jenkins's "Hardy Flower Book"; they have the advantage of being printed on very heavy glazed paper. In England, as in America, there is a growing interest in hardy gardens. Mr. Jenkins, who is a member of the Royal Horticultural Society, has devoted his whole life to this branch, and his advice on planting and watering, on the fallacy of big clumps, on what to do with shrub borders, on errors in waterside gardening, and a hundred other points, is decidedly valuable. Favorite perennials, like the peony, phlox, larkspur, are considered in detail, while Part II discusses more briefly, and in alphabetical order, all of the hardy herbaceous plants that are worth growing. In Part III lists are given of hardy plants desirable for many special purposes. The varieties that bloom in spring, in summer, in autumn, in winter, are tabulated separately, and these lists are of particular interest to those owners of gardens who are able to spend only a few weeks of the year among their flowers and who naturally wish the gardens to appear a

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their best during those particular weeks.

"Suburban Gardens" is a little volume without pictures, and with only 207 pages, which contain, however, much that will interest owners of suburban homes, especially if they agree with the author that, while there should of course be flowers in abundance, these ought never to crowd out the edible plants. She has no sympathy with the ideal which sees in the suburban home a country home in miniature, being convinced that a kind of "landscape" gardening is often attempted "in the vain hope of creating an illusion of the spaciousness and splendor which the truly suburban place cannot, in the very nature of things enjoy." What should be done, instead, she attempts to show in detail with the aid of diagrams. Again and again she emphasizes the economic side of the garden question, deploring, among other things, the neglect of fruit trees, which brings it about that "all the thousands of acres of suburbs in the United States are non-producing; and fruits and foods are proportionately high." To her the *garden* is the thing; and "all that goes to make up the garden is secondary—even the trees and shrubs and flowers." Many will disagree with her in this attitude, which puts her in a class with those music-lovers who place form above content, yet she stops short at one point, remarking that of all gardening offences the flower-bed is surely the worst, and that "better no flowers at all than a flower bed." She forgets how convenient and useful such beds are to those whose time and means are too limited to permit them to attempt florally decorated grounds.

While the authors of the first four books on our list frankly and fearlessly offer hints to help readers, the writer of "A Farm in Creamland," who is a novelist, does his best to conceal the fact that his is a useful book. Such it is, nevertheless; but the helpful hints are hidden in the narrative of how he and his family tried to find out if it were possible to make farming pay in England. The result of seven years' trial was that he felt inclined to advise none to attempt such farming as a means of livelihood, unless he has been specially educated and trained for the life. And yet he himself, though "as ignorant of agriculture as the shoeblack at the corner of St. Paul's, made a small farm pay." He gives the figures in the last chapter ("which may be skipped"). The garden takes up one of the chapters, and of the others there are some that are not connected with farming as such, but deal with English country life in general—fishing, birds, snakes, rabbit-shooting. "Pigs as pets" is an unusual subject which the author treats with quite a show of feeling.

"The Infancy of Animals" (Holt), by W. P. Pycraft, is about equally balanced in its excellences and shortcomings. It contains a very great number of extremely interesting facts which are offered from a novel point of view; but the arrangement is poor and the diction is inadequate. There is little attempt at logical sequence, and the general looseness of construction is betrayed by such chapter headings as Early Days and Early Ways, Colors and Coloration, and again three chapters farther along, Coloration. Although meant for a popular work, it is sometimes made obscure by technical theories and casual references to scientific problems. The book deals almost wholly with vertebrates, the title being thus misleading. As might be expected, the generous portion of the text relating to the life and problems of young birds is by far the most satisfactory; Mr. Pycraft has done his best scientific work in this field. Such subjects as play, directive color spots in the mouth, feeding habits, and evolution of the plumage are absorbing even in this unemotional, matter-of-fact method of presentation. The evolution of maternal instinct deserves a chapter to itself. By searching through the volume we find such delicate gradations as the origin of this phenomenon among the reptiles; its fluctuating manifestation as in the kangaroos, where the young are placed in the pouch at the approach of danger, but thrown out by the mother in the last extremity of a race for life. Among birds we find the most absolute devotion to the young on the one hand, and again a degeneration to total neglect, as in the mound-builders, whose chicks are orphaned before they are born, and the cowbirds, whose offspring must enter upon life as changelings. Coloration is touched upon in almost every chapter and with commendable moderation in these days of extreme, ill-balanced theories on this subject. "Movements will betray the most cunningly devised mantle of invisibility" is perhaps the most illuminating sentence in the book.

The chapter on Young Birds and Records of the Past deals with the evidences of evolution as shown in the organs and tissues of young birds and in adults, and here Mr. Pycraft excels, making us feel the mystery of the æons of slow change which have perfected, or ultimately caused to degenerate, structures such as wings, nostrils, palates, tails, and plumages. He shows in how many ways we can see revealed, dimly but unmistakably, in the structure and form of embryos and nestlings, the adults of past ages, such as the tern-like bill of the young skimmer, the open nostrils of nestling cormorants, the usable fingers and claws of the juvenile hoatzin, and the possible teeth of the young tinamou. Of the chapters relating to the lower vertebrates, Concerning Tadpoles is excellent; while the scant thirty-odd pages treating of crabs, caterpillars, and invertebrate Puzzles and Paradoxes might well have been omitted. The illustrations, mostly photographs from life, are good; the text paper is light and dull finished; the index should have been twice as large. If the book had been written with the care and vivid description which mark the quotations from Wilson, the Antarctic traveller, on pp. 83-86, it would have been a classic. But the trail of the museum lies upon the text, whereas the subjects demand the freedom of treatment of the field naturalist.

Francis Gotch, professor of physiology since 1895 at Oxford University, died last week in London. He was born at Bristol, England, in 1853, and was educated at Amersham Hall School and University College, London. He became demonstrator in the physiological laboratory, Oxford, in 1883; Holt professor of physiology, University College, Liverpool, in 1891, and delivered the Croonian lecture on researches made with Prof. V. Horsley into the central nerve system in 1891. He had published several papers in scientific journals.

Drama and Music

WESTERN PLAYS IN JAPAN.

Tokio, June 2.

We Japanese have no language to express our modern thought and imagination; I mean simply by that that our old Japanese language, homogeneous, simple, with the beauty, if it has any, of decorative impossibility, or romanticism, and with the power, if it has any, of taciturnity, but not of eloquence, has lost its own dignity through being unable to match our modern requirement. Indeed, it is the case, is it not, of the old Japanese brocade which finds itself quite out of place against the Western dress. We present Japanese wear a sack-coat, frock-coat, even "swallow-tail," however ill-fitting and absurd they be for us dark-skinned, short-legged people; and we forget the old brocade inherited from our fathers. And so with the language—a devil's language, as once a certain Western missionary remarked a few hundred years ago; and we use the new Japanese language created by Western writers. Some of our present Japanese, I mean the intellectual Japanese, use the language of Turgenieff or Tolstoy; some of them the language of Maupassant or Gorki; and the language of Oscar Wilde was quite a fashion here a year or two ago. And what we are most pleased to use to-day is the language of Ibsen or Bernard Shaw.

When we began to use this new language, "the Western language with a Japanese sound," ten years ago, we had only a little encouragement from the general public; but when book after book had been written, as we saw, in fact, in this language, the public began to be reconciled with us, and even to find no small interest in our attempt. And let me say that it was they who called us to the stage to act the new play in the new strange language; even the general public, after all, has begun to be modernized, that is, Westernized. To speak from the history of the Japanese drama, Ibsen's "Bork-

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man," Japanized three or four years ago, staged under the auspices of the Liberty Theatre Society, was, in truth, the real dawning of a new stage art in Japan. What is most interesting to dwell on is the fact of the great influence it has had in Westernizing the Japanese public of the common run; certainly you will be amazed if I tell you that the audience who barely filled two nights as in the case of "Borkman" Japanized are numbered now more than enough for the play, whether it be by Shakespeare or Shaw, by Sudermann or Ibsen, to run fifteen nights.

And here I have seen lately a more striking phenomenon in the fact that a certain English dramatic company, Wilkie, or something, had quite a prosperous one week at the Imperial Theatre, Tokio; the time is not far off, I dare say, to see a Bernhardt or a Tree coming to play before the Japanese audience. Certainly we shall soon have a large enough audience here to extend an invitation to the well-known Western players. And you will see the general tendency of thought and taste of our intellectual class when I tell you that what Wilkie offered most pleasing to us was not "Hamlet," but "Salome" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession."

Formerly we could not help applying the so-called Japanese honorification in address, even when playing the Western play; but to-day it has ceased to be uncivil or barbarous to make a wife call her husband a John or a Frank; and shaking hands is now, in fact, one of our Japanese customs or etiquettes which we are pleased to practice in daily life. And there is no one among the audience to-day who will blush when beholding the kissing scene; the remarkable thing is, above all, how the Japanese actors have learned to kiss neatly. "The West conquered Japan in literature long ago; and now she is Westernizing us even in life's ways and customs," I always exclaim when I see the Western play on our stage. And I had occasion to explain it again a few nights ago when I saw Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" Japanized at the Yurakuza Theatre.

I think that "John Gabriel Borkman" was staged in Japan at the most appropriate time (let me admit the cleverness of a Japanese manager), and as a result it made quite a forcible impression upon our mind; because, in the year of 1909, our modern literature was reaching almost to the height of naturalism, after a Western fashion, and we, like young Erhart in Ibsen's play, were pleased to cry: "For I am young! That's what I never realized before; but now the knowledge is tingling through every vein in my body. I will only live, live, live!" This importation of naturalism made us awaken to the very consciousness of so-called true life; and, as in the West, we thought it proper to go to the extreme of individualism or Ibsen's egoism for solving that question of life. And the Japanese women, too, were not slow in their rise; when they found, as the phrase goes, their own selves, they were more often than not the victims of modern vanities and selfishness; it is surprising to see so many more "new women" in Japan than one ever dreamed of. I thought natural enough when I was told by Mr. Iba, the stage manager of the Kindai Geki Kyokai (the Modern Play Society), and the actor who most cleverly acquitted himself as Assessor Black, that there was hardly any woman who, when seeing the play, this "Hedda Gabler," in the Kozo Chiba's translation, complained of its dulness; and women more than men, even in Japan, would appreciate it. "That is because the modern Japanese women are more or less Heddas," I explained to myself.

The acting was quite an advance upon the day of "John Gabriel Borkman," when I even laughed over the awkward attitudes of Japanese players around Western tables and their faltering manner of carrying on the long dialogue; I should say it was no mean achievement, this "Hedda Gabler," when the actors and actresses, quite at home with tables, chairs, and sofa, showed a good order and general harmony. It is very difficult to discuss the real merit of Ibsen, but not so hard to think about what Ibsen means in Japan. What effect does he produce on our minds? Above all, why do Japanese play his dramas? I asked these questions of Mr. Iba, who makes a unique figure himself, as I said before, as Assessor Black.

"It is difficult," he remarked, "to play Pinero, for instance, because he is too English. There's nobody to say that Ibsen is too Scandinavian: I mean that he is universal. Besides, he is a splendid teacher for us on the stage; we have become wiser and saner in life; as a dramatist, he clearly shows where we actors have to put emphasis and force to make acting turn smoothly. We play him, because he teaches us so much, and he is easy to play."

"So you thought him easy," I exclaimed, "and you played him. You thought him easy, indeed—is it not the reason why we thought him very difficult in seeing your 'Hedda Gabler'?"

And then he laughed. That vague laughter means that we had to study him more before we could speak on him authoritatively even as Ibsen in Japan.

YONE NOGUCHI.

The Shakespearean summer season at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, England, by the F. R. Benson company, will begin August 2 and close August 30. The programme will include three of Shakespeare's plays from English history—"Henry the Fourth," "Richard the Second," and "King John"; the tragedies of "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet," and six of the comedies—"The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." In addition, the plays will include Lord Lytton's "Richelieu," John Masefield's "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great," and G. Bernard Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple." The Norwich Players will be seen in "The Drama of Job," the Bedford Players in "Glastonbury," the Dunmow Players in "The Tinker's Wedding," and the townsfolk of Stratford-upon-Avon in "The Harvest Masque." There will also be morris dances, sword dances, and country dances in the gardens.

Thomas Tait, formerly lecturer on elocution in Melbourne University, has published an excellent little volume (Doran) on "How to Train the Speaking Voice." He has nothing new to say on the subject, of course, but the advice that he gives is generally sound, and is set down in plain language. Most essayists on this topic indulge in quasi-scientific elaborations which confuse ordinary students without enlightening or helping them. He explains, briefly and clearly, the rudimentary principles of the art, and tells how to practice and profit by them. His directions concerning the proper pose of the speaker, the management of the breath, the production of the vowel sounds, the study of emphasis and intonation, and the avoidance of vulgarisms and slovenliness are clear and pertinent. On the necessity of prolonged and intelligent study of passages of prose or poetry before any attempt is made to speak them aloud he is particularly emphatic and judicious. He realizes, as many professed teachers of elocution do not, that a full and sympathetic comprehension of an author's meaning is as essential to competent vocal interpretation as technical skill in utterance. But he seems to be a victim of the all too common delusion that an actor, to be completely successful, must "feel" his part, that is to say, must undergo in his own person the emotions which he is counterfeiting. This is just what all our second-rate performers do or try to do, thereby expressing the most diverse characters in the one inelastic mould of their private individuality. Here is the reason why true versatility is almost unknown upon the modern stage. Acting, in its highest estate, is governed by the intellect, not the emotions. It is doubtless true that very few actors in the history of the theatre have succeeded in completely merging their identity in the fictitious character, but all the great players have come very near to the achievement of this notable feat upon particular occasions. The Salvini of Othello, for instance, was scarcely recognizable, even by his bulk, in the Salvini of Conrad in "La Morte Civile." The object of the true artist is first to determine how the personage to be represented might be presumed to behave under certain circumstances, and, secondly, to materialize the conception thus formed by the resolute suppression of every personal habit or impulse that might conflict with it. The requirements to this end are thought, intuition, will, and executive abil-

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ity, all of which are inconsistent with individual personal emotion.

Equally ambitious and interesting is the list of the grand operas to be sung at the Century Opera House next season, beginning on September 15, and lasting till the middle of April. With but few exceptions, each opera is to be given for a full week of eight successive performances, as follows: September 15, "Aïda"; 22, "Gioconda"; 29, "Tales of Hoffmann"; October 6, "Louise"; 13, "Madama Butterfly"; 20, "Romeo and Juliet"; 27, "Trovatore"; November 3, "Lakme"; 10, "Thaïs"; 17, "Lohengrin"; 24, "Jewels of the Madonna"; December 1, "Lucia"; 8, "Manon"; 15, "Bohemian Girl"; 22, "Carmen"; 29, "Tristan and Isolde"; January 5, "La Bohême"; 12, "The Huguenots"; 19, "Tosca"; 26, "Königskinder"; February 2, "Faust"; 9, "Tannhäuser"; 16, "Traviata"; 23, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci"; March 2, "Samson and Delilah"; 9, "Rigoletto"; 16, "Secret of Suzanne" and "Coppelia"; 23, "Rheingold" and "Walküre" (three days each); 30, "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" (three days each); 6, "Parsifal." All of these are "subject to change."

From Rome comes the report that an overture written for "Aïda" by Verdi, but supressed by him, has been found and submitted to Toscanini, who pronounced it important. It may be played at the Verdi centenary festival in Milan next month. It is believed that Verdi decided to omit the overture because of its great length. The score covers seventy-six pages. It is dated December 23, 1872, which would indicate that it was not written or completed till after the first performances of "Aïda" in Cairo and Milan.

Italian newspapers contain pictures of the extraordinary incident of the six-year-old boy Ferrero conducting Wagner's "Meistersinger" overture at the Augusteum in Rome. He did it without looking at the score, in presence of a crowded audience, including many prominent musicians. His remarkable talent was discovered accidentally.

Kenyon Cox's interesting address on "The Illusion of Progress" is printed in No. 6 of the "Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Letters." In it he says regarding music:

> In melodic invention it is so far from progressive that its most brilliant masters are often content to elaborate and to decorate a theme old enough to have no history—a theme the inventor of which has been so entirely forgotten that we think of it as sprung not from the mind of one man, but from that of a whole people, and call it a folk-song.

The prix de Rome of the Paris Conservatory has been won this year by a girl of nineteen named Lili Boulanger. Nearly all the great French composers won this prize during their conservatory days. On the other hand, not all of the students who won it became famous.

David Popper, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated in Budapest recently (though Riemann says he was born on December 9, 1843), shares with Piatti the honor of having done for the violoncello what Paganini did for the violin and Liszt for the piano in developing its technique to the utmost conceivable point. His pieces are extremely effective and idiomatic. From a purely creative point of view, to be sure, they are not equal to those of Bach and Beethoven, and of Rubinstein, whose second sonata and "Trois Morceaux" will be better known in concert halls some day than they are now.

Art

Lawrence. By Sir Walter Armstrong. With 41 plates. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.50 net.

On first opening this well-illustrated volume, one is inclined to regret that Sir Walter Armstrong has devoted his fine critical perceptions to an artist who, after all, is only third rate. As one reads the mood changes, Lawrence's stereotyped uniformity as a portrait painter has been a challenge to the critic's adroitness. Where artistic interest lags, personal considerations atone or sagacious comment on the times or on things in general. In short, Sir Walter seems to justify Sainte-Beuve's predilection for a minor personality as the best subject for criticism.

About Lawrence as artist there is very little to say, and in his estimate our author achieves a surprising blend of severity and amenity. At six the boy could catch a likeness with the chalks. In his 'teens he was the support of a shiftless father and a numerous family. At eighteen he regarded himself as *hors concours* in the Academy schools. At twenty-one he exhibited the engaging portrait of the actress, Nelly Farren, now loaned by the Morgan estate to the Metropolitan Museum, and in his remaining forty years of tireless effort he never surpassed it. In his rare early chalk drawings Sir Walter discerns a promise which Lawrence was never to fulfil. His technic in oils, after a brief aping of Sir Joshua, was to degenerate into a dry and textureless formula. The Nelly Farren already has its perfunctory and metallic passages. Worse yet, his naturally great gifts as a draughtsman were to resolve themselves into rather cheap conventions. The famous Lawrence eye, with its fixed vivacity, is as recognizable as the hot and hard Lawrence flesh. His tricks, Sir Walter Armstrong rightly observes, are more flagrant in his favorite portraits of women. If he ever approaches greatness it is in a few of the lightly sketched heads, like that of the little Duke of Reichstadt, and in a handful of the political portraits, for example, the Curran and Warren Hastings.

It is a shrewd and just observation of the author that Lawrence really stands out of the British tradition of good color, and finds his affiliations rather with such academic French painters as Gérard, Ingres, Bonnat—Cabanel might have been added. And, in fact, Lawrence's steely sense for the stigmata of resemblance, his blindness to individual refinements of color, his firm yet insensitive draughtsmanship, his international clientèle, and productive tours abroad—all relate him to the modern peripatetic tribe of capable portrait manufacturers made in France.

As in the modern case of Bonnat, personal defects of technique did not prevent an exquisite connoisseurship. There was a moment when Lawrence, though ever financially embarrassed, had bought up virtually all the important drawings by old masters in the European market. The mere nucleus of his private collection is now the pride of the Oxford University Galleries. In the Parliamentary hearing which resulted in the purchase of the Elgin marbles, no one gave such terse and emphatic testimony as to the incomparable worth of the Pheidian sculptures as Lawrence. Many of the most important pictures of the Angerstein collection, now in the National Gallery, were found by Lawrence and bought at his suggestion. Indeed, these mediatorial services may in the long run seem a more important contribution to the cause of art than his painting.

What is always admirable about the man is a fine British candor and a rather un-British clearsightedness and absence of illusion. Of passion and prejudice he had less than a great artist's share. As a boy, on seeing a Rubens for the first time, he exclaimed: "I shall never paint like that." So just a prevision in a precocious and ambitious lad is of evil omen. At the height of his fame he wrote to his brother: "I can never expect that the labors of my pencil will have so great an interest at any future time as they now have, or their superiority be so generally acknowledged." Again, an amazing self-estimate in a painter who had stood applauded before kings. Indeed, the only shred of illusion in the man's character seems to be a belief that under favoring circumstances he might have been a great historical painter. It was a delusion entirely natural in a contemporary and friend of Benjamin West.

In Lawrence's failure to attain greatness there is, according to our author, after all only a very simple mystery. Lawrence was badly handicapped by his precocity. In any art there is peril in gaining the means of expression before one has anything to express. Under these conditions only copyism or empty displays of dexterity are likely. But Lawrence had an even sorer drawback in a curious hesitancy of character, which may be illustrated by the irresponsible way in which he fell in and out of love with the two Siddons sisters. Possibly, the assertiveness of his methods is merely the protective mask of one without much initiative and resourcefulness who does with telling em-

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phasis just what he is accustomed to doing. Sir Walter Armstrong finds a further disqualification in Lawrence's lack of persistency. In almost every portrait the attack is superb, and there the interest is wholly exhausted, while the conception is successively attenuated through processes irksome to the painter, and, naturally, slurred. Which comes to saying that Lawrence was never a whole-hearted painter, lacking joy in manipulation and zest in color. Had he never passed beyond the chalks of his early period, he might well have left a deeper impress on the history of art. As a blameless, kindly, and serviceable personality his title to gratitude and remembrance is clear. Clearer possibly in England, which he loyally served in many capacities, than elsewhere.

Sir Walter Armstrong's delightful essay is accompanied by a list of works, confessedly incomplete, which comprises nearly one hundred quarto pages. How large a part in this great output Lawrence's famulus Wyatt may have had is a question that Sir Walter does not raise. It is about the only point at which his vivacious yet densely packed pages fail to satisfy your reviewer's curiosity.

Finance

AS TO A TURN FOR THE BETTER.

It is too early yet to say whether or not the sudden revival of activity and strength on the Stock Exchange, which assumed rather definite proportions last week, marked the turn from the excessive financial gloom and despondency of the past six months. A few months ago, such a demonstration as then occurred would have been taken as an ordinary incident of Wall Street. It was the fact of the complete inertia and disheartenment that had preceded the recovery, and especially the occurrence, in the preceding week, of the smallest full day's Stock Exchange business in the seventeen past years, which brought last week's stock market movement into so strong relief. Consciously or unconsciously, Wall Street had come to look at the 64,000-shares of July 11 as typifying the character of the financial situation generally, and as foreshadowing what the Stock Exchange has ahead of it for a very long time to come.

Yet it is a very well-defined tradition of the financial community that a day of utterly abnormal dulness, following gradual and progressive shrinkage of activity, is itself a sign that a turning-point is near. This tradition is not based on calculated logic, but on almost unvarying experience. On the face of things, there would appear to be no reason why one sixty-thousand-share day should not be followed by a dozen or a hundred like it. But it never is. The stock market, like all other complicated machineries, has ways and habits of its own. One of them seems to be that when the wheels, after long revolving in one direction, slacken their pace of revolution and at last cease to move entirely, they are about to start turning in the opposite direction.

It would be easy, even supposing this to be the case in the present instance, to indulge in unwarranted expectations. The public, on which all depends, is still mistrustful, suspicious, and timid. It has grown used to finding more inviting opportunities for investment in securities outside of the Stock Exchange than in it, and perhaps the strongest stimulus to its return would be news of the absorption of the unsold new security issues, and an advance in their market price above the price of issue. That this happened in the case of a few important securities of the kind last week, is not to be overlooked.

The public's mind must also be disabused, and by convincing evidence, of the carefully cultivated notion that Europe will lend no money here to "move the crops" this summer, and that therefore a crushing strain will be imposed on domestic money markets. The doctrine, lately preached in influential quarters, that we incur a debt of half a billion dollars every year to Europe, and that Europe can draw it out in cash whenever it sees fit, must lose what hold it may have had on the popular imagination. So must the pleasing theory that this is to be a "panic year," either because it is twenty years since 1893, or because the fatal number 13 appears in its title.

Something else, which has also stood in the way of financial recuperation, has been the twin belief that a tariff-revision year necessitates hard times, and that "Congress in the winter session" may be preparing to do things which will undermine all the pillars of finance. In these matters we approach the realm of the psychological; also the field of disputation where entirely opposite and conflicting reasons will infallibly be assigned for the same event.

If, in the vicissitudes of fortune, we actually were to have a "panic" this next autumn, history would preserve two perfectly developed and in all respects mutually inconsistent theories in regard to it. The Wall Street oracles, gazing at the wreck of their own pet projects, would point angrily to Congress and its legislation as the author of the mischief, while the Congressional oracles, basing their conclusions on precisely the same phenomena, would shake their fists at Wall Street as the deliberate and revengeful planner of the financial crash. Such is the habitual experience of economic "argument." A year ago, a President of the United States was going up and down the country, telling his audiences how the panic of 1893, and the low price of wheat in 1894, were caused by the tariff legislation of the latter year. Last week another echo of the past, in the shape of a speech by a Senator from Colorado, described how the whole 1893 collapse was due to a wicked conspiracy by the banking "magnates," provoked by the movement for a silver standard.

It is true that some minds devote themselves rather to inquiring what must have been the cause of such events, than to guessing what might have been their cause. There were commonplace people, after 1893, who recalled that London's "Baring crash" of a little while before, and the subsequent overspeculation in our West, had led very naturally to the crisis of that year. There are people now who ascribe the financial reaction of the past six months, and who would ascribe an even more serious reaction in the coming months, to the outbreak of the Balkan War on the top of a situation, in European finance, which was already ripe for a serious reckoning. These plain matters of record and chronology may have in them the making of sober history. But they do not inspire imagination among the market oracles of the hour. If, through the decree of a kindly Providence, a vigorous financial and commercial recovery were conceivably to mark the autumn of 1913, which philosopher would get the wider hearing in the newspapers and in Congress—the one who ascribed it to the country's agricultural good fortune and the careful retrenchment of its banking interests, or the one who awarded the whole merit of it to the reduction in the tariff and the proposals for currency reform?

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden, Mrs. G. R. ("Pansy"). Four Mothers at Chautauqua. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

Babcock, W. H. Early Norse Visits to North America. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Bingham, Hiram. In the Wonderland of Peru. Reprint from the Nat. Geographic Magazine. New Haven, Conn.: Peruvian Expedition. 50 cents.

Blake, J. C. General Chemistry. Macmillan. $1.90 net.

Boynton, P. H. London in English Literature. Univ. of Chicago Press. $2 net.

Burks, F. W. and J. D. Health and the School. D. Appleton. $1.50 net.

Campbell, W. W. Stellar Motions. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. $4 net.

Clermont, Emile. Laure. Sixth edition. Paris: Grasset.

Coulter, J. M. Elementary Studies in Botany. D. Appleton. $1.30.

Fiske, E. W. An Elementary Study of the Brain. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Fleming, J. R. The Burning Bush: The Story of the Presbyterian Church in All Lands, Told for Young People. Scribner.

Foster, Maximilian. The Whistling Man. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Golden, Peter. To Arms, and Other Poems. Privately printed.

Haney, L. H. Business Organization and Combination. Macmillan. $2 net.

Hurd, A., and Castle, H. German Sea-Power. Scribner.

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Japanese Government: Annual Report of the Central Sanitary Bureau (1911). Tokio.
Levy, Hermann. Economic Liberalism. (Trans. from the German.) Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Lien, A. J. Privileges and Immunities of Citizens of the United States (Col. Univ. Studies). Longmans.
Livy. Book XXI and Selections from Books XXII-XXX. By J. C. Egbert. Macmillan. 60 cents net.
Moore, F. F. Discovering "Evelina." Doran. $1.25 net.
Moore, Leslie. Aunt Olive in Bohemia. Doran. $1.25 net.
McMaster, J. B. History of the People of the United States. Vol. VIII. D. Appleton. $2.50 net.
Malloch, Douglas. The Woods. Doran. $1 net.
Montgomery, J. A. Aramaic Incantation Texts from Nippur. Babylonian Section, Vol. III. Univ. of Pa.
Oklahoma, Field, Forest and Stream. State Game and Fish Warden.
Painton, E. F. A. U. King Desire and His Knights: A Fairy Tale for Children. Fenno & Co. $1 net.
Ransome, Arthur. Oscar Wilde: A Critical Study. Kennerley. 50 cents net.
Reynès-Monlaur. Le Songe d'Attis. Paris: Grasset.
Roberts, Isaac. Looking Forward. Philadelphia: Roberts & Co. $1 net.
Rosengarten, J. G. A Counsel of Perfection: A Plan for an Automatic Collection and Distribution of a State Tax for Higher Education. Reprinted from the Amer. Philosophical Society.
Ross, G. A. Old Glory: The Story of Our Country's Flag. Platt & Peck. 75 cents.
Roy, L. E. Five Little Starrs. Platt & Peck. 35 cents.
Savary, A. W. Supplement to the History of the County of Annapolis. Toronto: William Briggs. $2.50.
Silberrad, U. L. Keren of Lowbole. Doran. $1.25 net.
Stebbins, H. A. A Political History of the State of New York, 1865-1869 (Col. Univ. Studies). Longmans.
Stuart, Eleanor. The Romance of Ali. Harper. $1.25 net.
Trist, Sidney. The Under Dog: A Series of Papers by Various Authors on the Wrongs Suffered by Animals. London: "Animals' Guardian."
Warner, C. D. Charles Dickens: An Appreciation. Newark, N. J.: Carteret Book Club.
Whitman, Walt. Criticism: An Essay. Newark, N. J.: Carteret Book Club.

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